

*The Australian*

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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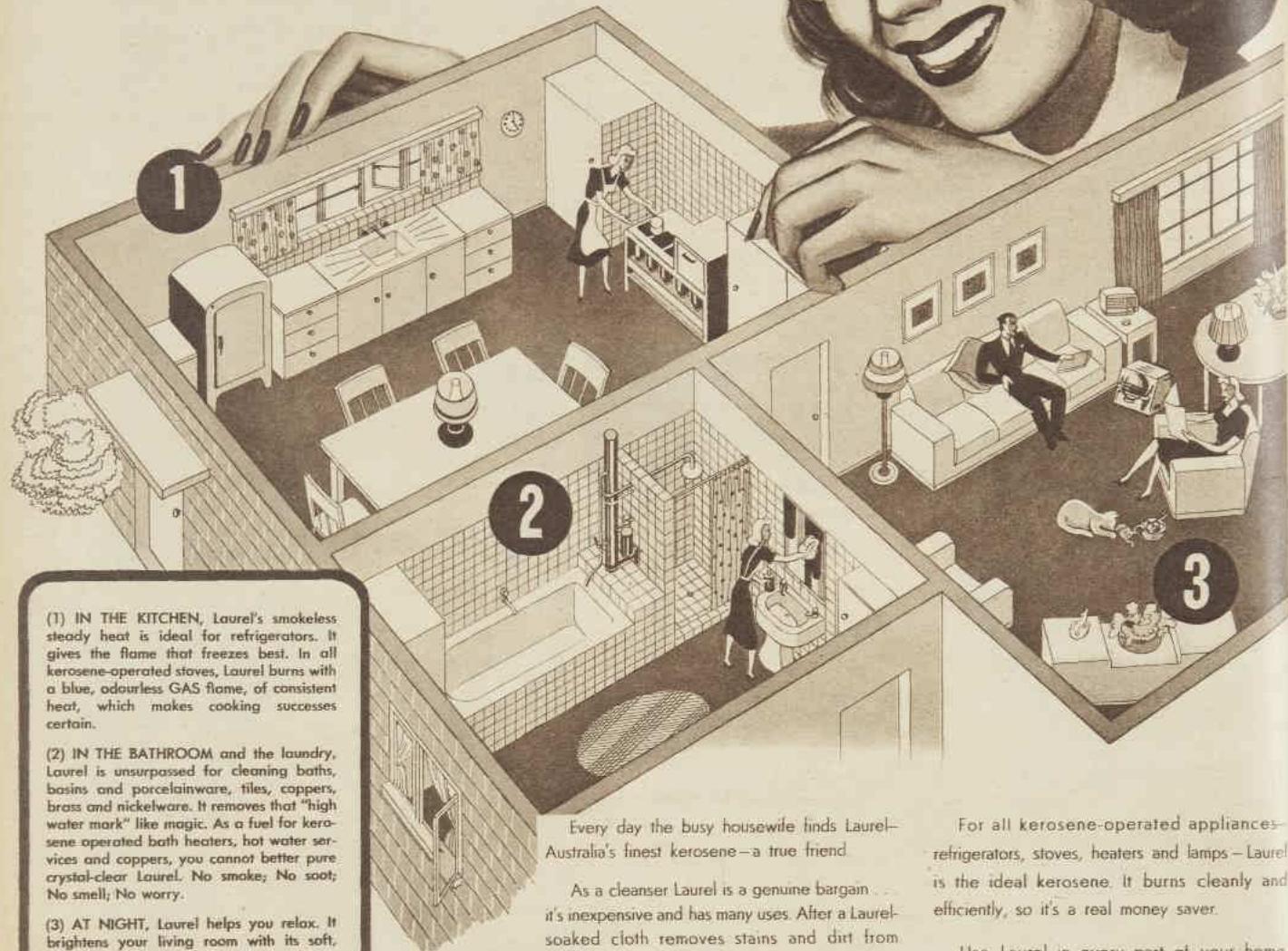
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JUNE 18, 1952



**The House That Has Everything:** *pages 19—26*

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# Unpossessed

By Carol Vance

ILLUSTRATED  
BY TOMPSOM

Stephen saw a happy Elizabeth aglow with love—but not for him.

THROUGH all the years that he had loved Elizabeth, Stephen had known that this moment must come. Here it was, the dawning of his private hell that no man must see or share.

He glanced up and chose his words carefully. "So you're in love. What's it like?"

"Oh, Stephen, look at me. I'll tell you."

Her words pulled him round to her. He did not hear the hesitation in her voice, for he never could notice a flaw in her.

She kneeled beside him. "His name is Jack Ritter. We met a month ago at the Trenchards' party, and five minutes later we went out together. That's how it's been ever since—no people, no plans. Only us."

Her head tipped back. Her eyes were closed, and tiny, tender pulses of excitement moved in her throat.

Stephen's breath left him. Here was her face as it would never be for him, locked in a dream of passion as she talked and thought about her love. What he had sought for three years some stranger had captured quickly.

He looked away, fighting the vague, familiar depression, the inadequacy that he felt with no one but Elizabeth. But when he finally spoke he'd shaped his voice to be wry and amused. "You're not very specific, darling. What does he do?"

"I'm not sure," she said, laughing. "Something to do with an estate agency, I think. I don't even know whether he handles it well or badly, though I imagine well. Is that very foolish of me?"

"Hardly."

It would never be foolish of Elizabeth. She had an instinct about people. She must have had a string of proposals, but she had waited until she was twenty-six. The man she chose now would be strong and right for her.

Stephen walked over to the bookcase, fingering the shabby volumes that were almost her sole inheritance, except the old house where she lived. "I'll miss you," he said.

"Miss me?" She moved towards him, her face a question. "But, Stephen, it will be just the same. I've told Jack about you. I said that you were a person who loved me but who was not in love with me. That you were the most marvellous friend, brother, helper—"

She broke off. The words she said were true only in her mind. He hadn't wanted to be just these things to her, but it was the only enduring relationship he had achieved.

He stared at her, locking her in his memory—a tall girl with silvery fair hair and a delicate, abstract beauty that would be enormously attractive to some men and to others not at all. Elizabeth. His hand slid towards her and stopped. She was the wanted and the unpossessed.

He might go for months without

seeing her. But when he was drawn to other women she would linger in his mind as the ideal with whom others must compare. She was his private symbol of perfection; he was forever afraid of her for that.

Elizabeth looked down at his outstretched hand. "Ring me," she said, taking it. "We'll all have lunch together."

"Of course," he said. "I'll be seeing you."

But it was not true. He never intended to see or, if he could help it, think of her again.

He left her then, walking quickly as if he were trying to escape. He did not turn back. He moved along, his eyes purposeful. He was going home to straighten this thing out. He was going to face the self that had been dominated and obsessed for

three years by a woman who didn't want him.

In his flat he snapped on the lights, and one by one the bare rooms leaped into brightness about him.

Stephen walked to the kitchen for a drink. He never drank alone, but to-night he felt something harsh that was locked inside him and must have release. Back in the living-room again, he stood still thinking of Elizabeth. When, at what forgotten moment, had he lost her?

An hour passed. Stephen waited in his white world of loneliness. An answer seemed at hand just before him. He had not always been in love with her. With a kind of shock it came back to him—the exact feeling of not loving Elizabeth.

That was three years ago. He had returned from an engineering job in Germany. Elizabeth was lovely, he had thought, but a bit too intense for his mood. They'd gone about to-

gether. Towards her intensely he had gradually developed an amused, half-pitying sort of tenderness.

Then there had been one night. They'd gone out dancing and had come home through the woods. He remembered walking through a tunnel of trees with the moonlight beckoning at the end.

Elizabeth's arms shot out. "Don't move," she said. "Don't speak. Stephen. I want to stay here forever."

He stared down at her, smiling a little. With another girl it might have sounded like affection, but with Elizabeth it was not.

"I've been away so long," he said, "and I've seen so much to be hated. You're such a sweet girl to come home to."

He put his arms about her and kissed her. Then she stiffened and moved away. "No, wait," she said. "Please wait." Her voice twisted, pleading for his belief. "I don't

intend to be a little in love. I want to love as deeply as I can."

She means it, he thought. He had forgotten that girls could be like that. Perhaps he had never known it before. She moved and the moonlight shadowed her eyes and made her a mystery, a beckoning. She's perfect, he thought.

Because he felt that he must have this perfection, he reached towards her. Then his arms dropped. Who will ever really possess her? he wondered. Who will be strong enough?

He had waited. He begrimed the moments when he must release her to someone else. Watching her at parties he did not notice that though she was popular she was never the most popular. Surely that man dancing with her, that one looking towards her, must see in her what he did. The whole cruel power of choice was hers, and he was afraid.

Please turn to page 4

Page 3



## Bewitching Fragrance...

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*Grocer Sam says:*

# Swift

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IN October he'd taken Elizabeth to a football match. Together they had returned to his flat, to hot buttered toast and tea.

Why, even now, was that hour so significant? Elizabeth had been restless, crossing the room for an ash-tray though there was one close at hand.

A thrill of conviction ran through Stephen. He walked over to her. Now, he thought. Tell her now that you want to marry her.

Then all the muscles of his body grew still. If Elizabeth should deny him now he would have lost his chance for ever. He could not risk it.

Elizabeth was very cool to him next day, and the following week he learned that she was seeing someone else. Without understanding how it happened, he became her brother, her helper, her friend.

Alone in the flat now, Stephen put down his glass. Nowhere in the past could he find an answer. Why he had lost Elizabeth he would never know.

Deliberately he sought the paths to forgetfulness — work and friendships, and then another girl. She was Lorraine Porter; he had gone with her in the days before he knew Elizabeth.

On an impulse, he phoned Lorraine for dinner one evening. She accepted promptly.

She was a dark girl with a full, indolent beauty and a quick mind. She could not wipe out Stephen's old love, but she could make him laugh.

But one evening all that had been easy and unguarded left their friendship. They were having coffee in her flat when it happened. "I was introduced to Jack Ritter the other night," she said. "He's that new boy-friend of Elizabeth's. I thought it might interest you to know that I didn't find him particularly attractive," she said.

Lorraine bent forward. "He is not attractive precisely because he is so obviously so. The clipped moustache, the low-slung ear, the accent that might have come from Oxford or might be just a useful social accomplishment."

He said carefully, "I've never met the man. You're probably wrong."

"Oh, Stephen," Lorraine said, "you have to think he's all right, haven't you? You can't believe Elizabeth is capable of error."

Lorraine was a challenge. Stephen had an impulse to walk away from her. "Go on," he said heavily.

"I used to watch you two together. I saw how your glance followed her. There was always a kind of hunger on your face when you thought she wasn't looking. I always thought: How can this have happened to Stephen? Then the answer came to me. It was not Elizabeth you loved, not a real flesh-and-blood girl. You loved an image you had created in your own mind. You simply did not know the real Elizabeth."

He spoke loudly, forcing his voice. "You're crazy. Not know Elizabeth? Good grief, there was a summer when I saw her every day."

She shook his arm. "Oh, you," she said. "You who could have so much. You make me sick!"

Stephen saw Lorraine several times after that, but there was no comfort in it.

He started slowly towards her. He would comfort her.

## Unpossessed

Continued from page 3

Gradually February ground out its shabby, lightless days. In it were long stretches when Stephen did not think of Elizabeth, but a dull distaste of his surroundings began to fill his mind. He decided to move to London.

He would have one more date with Lorraine, leave a note for Elizabeth. That was all.

In the mids of packing, for some reason, Lorraine's description of Ritter crossed his mind. He stood still, fingering the lid of his suitcase. The habit of protecting Elizabeth was too strong. He could not break it until he knew that her life was complete.

To see her again was a weakness. Hating himself, he kicked the suitcase aside and walked to her street.

She held his hands and told him three times that she was glad to see him. She led him over to the warmth of the fire-place.

He said lightly, "I'm going away, Liz. First a holiday somewhere quiet, then London."

"Don't go!" The words broke from her in a cry. He stared. She put her hand to her mouth and shook her head. "I'm sorry. I mean do go. It's a good idea."

Her hands fastened on the handle of the poker. "I suppose when someone is very good to you it is a little bad for you. It makes you selfish. For a moment I couldn't imagine what it would be like with you gone."

"But you have Jack," he said carefully. "Isn't he what you wanted?"

"Yes, he's what I wanted."

Her arm lifted and she stabbed the poker down into the log. The gesture was fierce and unlike Elizabeth's, and for a second Lorraine's words blocked his mind. "It is not Elizabeth you love. You have never known the real Elizabeth."

Then she turned. "Look, Stephen," she said, "perhaps you'd better go. I seem to be behaving very oddly to-day. But let's not say good-bye to this. Come to the dance on Friday."

Her voice was gay and proud and far away from him. She was once again the Elizabeth he knew.

Friday was Stephen's last night. Driving to the club, he could already feel the traveler's indifference. He was going to leave. Nothing in the next few hours could touch him.

Inside the club he saw Lorraine and Elizabeth; between them was the man who must be Jack Ritter.

Stephen lit a cigarette, the details of the scene imprinting themselves upon his mind. Elizabeth's dress was the one that she had worn last year and the year before that. Only Lorraine's back could be seen, but she was the focus of attention; all her vitality was reflected in the man's face as he bent towards her.

The scene was unreal to Stephen, for Elizabeth was neglected. She was in the background. Then she looked up and made a faint, beckoning gesture. Come and help me, Stephen, her smile said. These people are neglecting me.

He started slowly towards her. He would comfort her.

He would show her how it felt to be cherished. But on the threshold of reaching for her he stopped. It was not he whom Elizabeth needed, but the other man. Come and help me, her smile had said. Take that girl away from Jack.

Why should he do it? The question tore at him. Actually, there was no decision. The habit of protecting Elizabeth could not be broken. He walked on, nodded to Elizabeth lightly, and touched Lorraine on the shoulder.

"How about it, Lorrie, that dance you promised me?"

The three stared up at him. In the quiver of silence, Elizabeth's hand struck on the table. Lorraine stood up without apology to Jack. "Why not?" she said.

They moved off. Beyond he could see Jack and Elizabeth turn to each other, and his eyes closed. He had done what he must; he would never look in their direction again.

The music stopped and Lorraine's voice was slightly acid in his ear: "How nice of you to pick me. But why me?"

He said lamely, "I like your dress."

"I'm sure you do. But you'd rather it were old and a little worn, wouldn't you? As though its owner did not care too much for clothes."

**S**TEPHEN sighed. "Oh, Lorraine," he said, "do be quiet."

She would, she promised, in a minute. But first there was something to get straight.

"I'm rather a menace to-night, aren't I, Stephen? I'm the girl who ought to be taken from Jack so that Elizabeth can have him to herself. Then let's get out of here. If you've chosen to get rid of me, let's do it properly."

She broke away from him, and he followed without even thinking.

They found Stephen's car, and he lit her a cigarette.

There was nothing she wanted, she said. She stared down at the tip of her cigarette.

"I know that I wasn't particularly nice to-night, Stephen. I saw you coming and I tried to charm Jack on purpose. To prove something or other, I suppose."

She fell silent, and all at once Stephen had nothing to say.

Then her voice clashed against his mood. "You're never going to get Elizabeth. You know that, don't you, Stephen?"

"Yes, I know."

"But you'll go on just the same, won't you? Wanting and wanting and never changing." Her voice twisted as if his own despair lay under it. "Oh, if I were a man, I would know it was weakness to pursue a hopeless love. I would give up. I would take what was there for me, even if it were second best."

Then something brand-new and very young in her face caught at his heart. He touched her arm. "In a month or a year you'd hate me. You were never born to be second best."

She opened the door of the car and got out.

"Wait," he said.

"No, I will not wait," she said clearly. "You have just told me that there is nothing whatever to wait for."

He reached the wide French windows of the club and heard a flurry of steps behind him.

Elizabeth stood in front of him. She was staring. "I thought you came here to-night to see me," she accused. "Well, I did," he said in confusion.

"No, you came for Lorraine."

She turned, and Stephen saw the blood leap to her throat. Why, she's angry! he thought. He had the strange feeling that some quality in their relationship was being reversed.

Impulsively he caught her hand. "I didn't ask you to dance to-night because I saw."

"Yes." Her chin lifted. "It was very clear what you saw. I beckoned you to come to me, but you ignored me. You stood there in front of Lorraine and me, turning us over in your mind, deciding which of us was more fun, which looked the better. Then . . ."

The outrage was bare in her voice, revealing the essence, the small, hot secret of her anger — jealousy.

But Elizabeth could not be jealous. Stephen's mind whispered. Elizabeth was perfect.

He waited, his heart beating as though some crisis were coming to them. Then Elizabeth lifted her hand and brought it down on the verandah edge, and he knew how the pain burst in her soft flesh.

"You were out with Lorraine for half an hour. This is your last night here, but you didn't care."

Her hand flew upward and she would have struck the rail with it again, but Stephen caught it quickly. "Stop it," he said. "Stop behaving like a fool. Tell me why you are saying these things. Isn't it Ritter whom you care about?"

There was a silence and Elizabeth's anger dropped. "I thought so, Stephen. But a week ago I knew it wasn't true. I knew I'd made a mistake."

"But how could you make such a mistake?"

She said slowly, "I don't know. We met and he seemed to love me. In three minutes he was ready to prove it. He wanted to take me away from the party, then he wanted to get married that week. I was lonely. I thought, Oh, this has to be it. I will make it right."

Elizabeth frowned. "Oh, but you wouldn't understand," she said in fury. "You're so cool and calm and superior. Helping me all these years, but never loving me . . ."

Tears rose to her voice, and with them the whole image of her perfection crashed in Stephen's mind. He caught his breath, tasting the bitterness, the freedom. Without fear of self-doubt he put his arm round her. "We're all right," he said.

Now, for the first time, he saw Elizabeth whole, a person of gallantries and jealousies, beauty and rash temper. Not a symbol to be feared, but a marvellous, complex, erring human being.

Could he have won her at any time through the years? The question stirred in Stephen's mind. But it was not important; she was waiting.

He bent towards her. Now it was love and not obsession. And that was what she needed.

(Copyright)

# Cowards' COMEBACK

By  
**BRIAN O'BRIEN**

BOB LARSON must have known he was headed for trouble when he turned up in Freetown, Sierra Leone. But he forgot trouble when he set eyes on Libby Hendricks, maybe the smartest and certainly the prettiest wild-animal girl in the business.

She'd been around animals all her life, and could handle anything that hissed, grunted, screeched, or roared. Her old man, Paul Hendricks, our man, took her, even when she was a kid, on all his collecting trips: Borneo, the Malay, India, South America. Now he runs the New York headquarters and sends her to the wild-animal markets for specimens.

She'd been in West Africa four months. In that time Dirk Anderson, our boss collector, had almost forgotten Katie Munroe, the slashing Canadian nurse in the government hospital up on Lion Mountain, even if Katie hadn't forgotten him.

Dirk was a lot older than Libby, about forty, I should think, six feet two, and hard as iron. There was surprising gentleness in his black eyes when he looked at Libby. Her old man had been after him to go and help run the New York office. Dirk hadn't been too sold on the idea, what with Katie and all, but now it looked as if his next trip would be home—with Libby.

We'd been checking a shipment from our Lagos agent: grass monkeys, dog-faced baboons, a pair of mandrills, two reticulated pythons, some chumps, and a likely young leopard. The mail steamer had arrived that morning, and we were finishing up before going down for some cold beer when Bob Larson strolled into the compound. He was tall, grey-eyed, and quick of movement; he had to be to grab a slim young Diana monkey that was clawing out of her crate. But he had her gentled by the time I got to him.

"Hiya, doc," he grinned, nodding around the cages. "Nice lot of patients."

"Bob!" I shook his hand. "How are you after—"

"Fine," he said quickly. And I noticed a tautness about his tanned face that wasn't there the last time I saw him. His eyes went blank as he looked past me.

"Who sent for you?" Dirk Anderson said. He was leaning against the office doorway watching us.

Bob eyed him coolly and passed the monkey to me. Then I noticed how short and crooked his left arm was from the mauling he had taken in the Upper Congo.

He was only a year or so out of school at the time. He'd been on a few collecting trips for the Field people, and already had a name as a handler of the wild ones. Hendricks gave him a job and sent him out to the Lower Congo with Dirk and me. We were after a pygmy hippo we'd heard about, and Dirk sent Bob up north to look into the report of a baby gorilla captured by one of the river villages.

When he got there he found that the report, like most of its kind, was exaggerated; they had no gorilla,

but there was a gorilla family with a young one not far away. And Bob, instead of reporting back to us, gathered a handful of bushmen and took off after it.

Now gorillas are bad to mess with, especially for an inexperienced kid. About the only way to capture a young gorilla is to shoot its parents first. It's no job for the soft-hearted, and that must have been Bob's trouble. He scouted the family and found the male had gone off. So he rigged a net snare, lured the female away from the young one, trapped her, and snatched the baby while she was struggling to free herself.

That was okay—until she got loose. She came after them, screeching like ten thousand devils. The boys scattered, but not before she had killed one. Bob couldn't move fast enough with the youngster clinging to him, and by the time he put it down and picked up his rifle she was on him. He fired, but she fetched him a swipe that nearly tore his arm off before she died.

When he came to he was alone except for the baby, pawing its dead mother and whimpering like a sick puppy. He picked up the little thing and managed to get it as far as the river, where some canoemen took him down to Coquihatsuville. By the time they got him to the hospital the baby was dead, and he, off his head with fever and gangrene, was calling himself a murderer.

We hotfooted it up river as soon as we heard. Dirk didn't help the kid; he was in a black rage over the boy who was killed and blamed Bob for not protecting him. In my opinion it wasn't Bob's fault—unless you can blame inexperience. He went home as soon as he could travel and we hadn't heard of him since. It looked as if Bob Larson

was washed up in the wild-animal business.

I was more than surprised to see him back on the Coast, and so, apparently, was Dirk. But Bob had taken his eyes off him. Libby was standing in the doorway. She was staring at Bob as though he were something out of this world. He was just as bad; the tightness had gone from his face and he looked like a man in a dream.

"You must be Libby Hendricks," he said slowly.

"Hello." Her voice was soft and kind of breathless.

I'd never seen anything like it in all my days.

Bob grinned like a man who's ready for fight or frolic and doesn't much care which it's to be. Dirk, on the other hand, hadn't missed a thing; his eyes were as hard as bullets.

"If you're looking for a job you've come to the wrong place," he said.

Bob pulled a letter from his pocket.

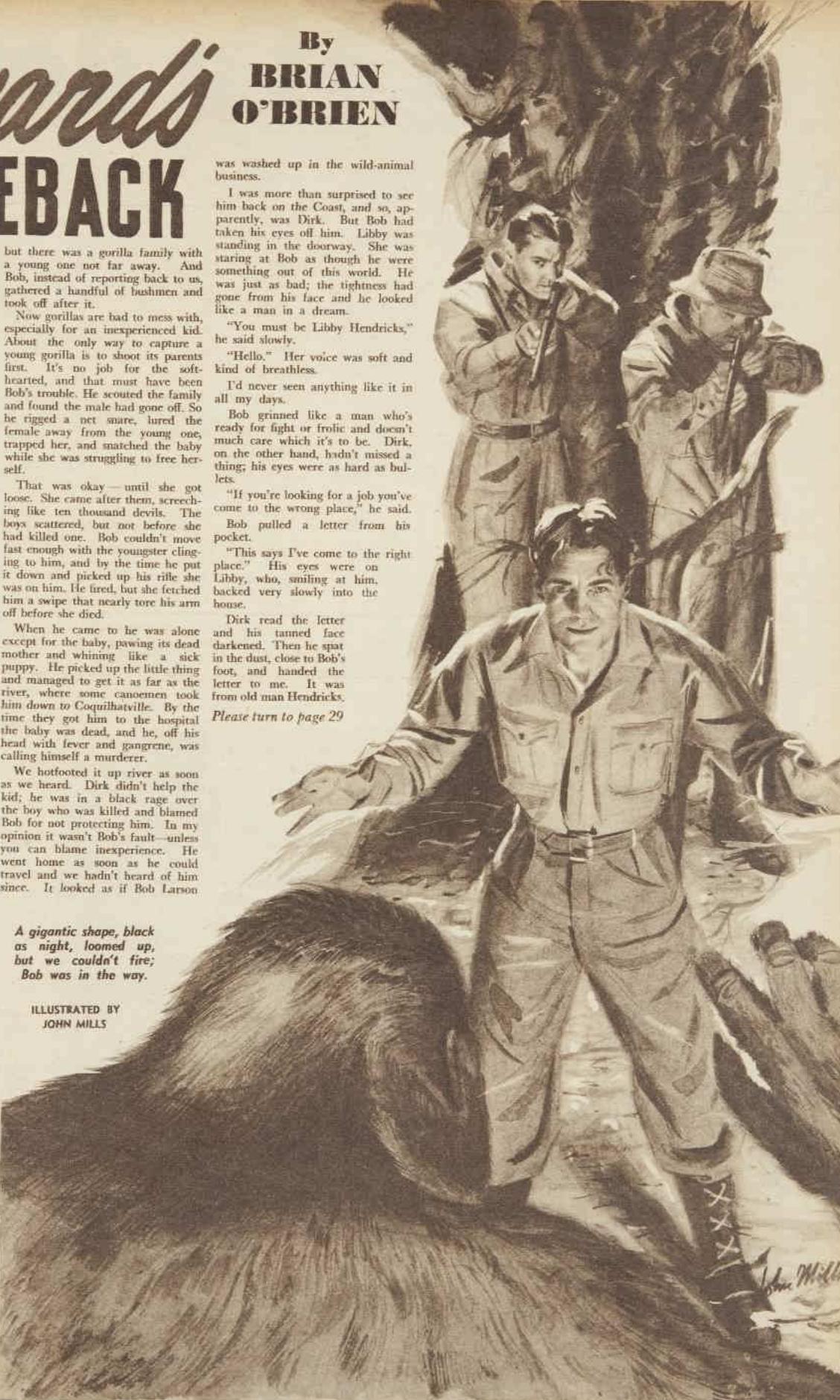
"This says I've come to the right place." His eyes were on Libby, who, smiling at him, backed very slowly into the house.

Dick read the letter and his tanned face darkened. Then he spat in the dust, close to Bob's foot, and handed the letter to me. It was from old man Hendricks.

*Please turn to page 29*

*A gigantic shape, black as night, loomed up, but we couldn't fire; Bob was in the way.*

ILLUSTRATED BY  
JOHN MILLS



# Voice of a dove

SARAH scuffed irritably at the champagne-colored leaves already beginning to litter Aunt Florence's neat paths.

"If you're not going to marry," she said to herself, repeating Aunt Florence's conversation, "you've got to find a profession. And painting wild flowers isn't a profession, it's an attractive hobby, nothing else."

She sighed unhappily. A conversation of that nature with Aunt Florence, intimate on Aunt Florence's part and guarded on her own, left her feeling like a child, which was ridiculous and humiliating. She had to admit that she couldn't go on living alone in a cottage in Sussex, tramping the downs each day with her sketch book. Apart from the financial question, one couldn't go on living that way indefinitely.

But it was unfair of Aunt Florence to assume that at the age of twenty-five she was unlikely to marry. The fact that she stood five feet ten inches in her stockings, took size six shoes, and had a mind of her own surely wasn't going to scare all men.

She could, as Aunt Florence suggested, get a job as nature-study mistress in a girl's school. "And this, girls," she practised aloud ironically, "is the daisy by which you tell your fortune, he loves me, he loves me not. Oh, preserve me!"

Aunt Florence had a charming garden. The bricked walks, flanked by bright borders of dwarf geraniums and French marigolds, led to a small arbor where there were chairs and a table, and a garden swing in which one could recline with the greatest comfort.

At the end of September, irrespective of the weather, Aunt Florence considered the summer over and the garden draughty. But for Sarah's marked preference for the swing, it would have been dismantled by now and put away for the winter.

As it was, Sarah spent every fine afternoon there, reclining on her back, studying the delicate skeleton within each hammered gold leaf of the oak tree arching above her, and listening idly to voices over the brick wall which divided Aunt Florence's house from the adjoining one.

She hadn't begun to be interested in the people next door. Aunt Florence hadn't talked to them. In London neighbors were not any more personal than houses.

So the inhabitants of the tall, elegant, Georgian house next door with the blue door and blue shutters were no more than a blur of voices on a sunny autumn afternoon.

At least they had been for the whole of Sarah's ten days' stay with Aunt Florence. But this afternoon she had scarcely settled back in the swing before she heard a light, vague voice speaking with complete distinctness.

"I think this corner's the best, Jennie," it said. "Now it's getting late in the year it's warmer here. And I think it's going to rain soon. Bring your dolls. Can you manage them all?"

"Yes, thank you, Aunt Venetia," a child's voice answered politely.

"Though what you want with so many I just can't think."

"I have to have them all, Aunt Venetia. They're a family."

That child, Sarah realised at once, doesn't laugh enough. She's too serious and mature.

"Oh, all right," Aunt Venetia said impatiently. "But people in families do die sometimes."

There was quite a long silence. Sarah flicked a drifting leaf off her skirt and found she was raising herself on her elbow to listen.

Finally the child answered in her clear, mature voice, "Yes, Aunt Venetia. Like my mother."

Sarah was aware of an undefined feeling of distress, almost as if she could see the shocked face of the woman, as if, indeed, the simple statement were shocking.

Then Aunt Venetia said, "Oh, I didn't mean that, Jennie. I was just saying—well, look at the bother, carrying six dolls into the garden every day. But if you like to do it, I suppose it's all right. Don't sit on the damp grass and come in when Mrs. Hopkins calls."

"Yes, Aunt Venetia," came the expected docile response.

Sarah knew that Aunt Venetia drifted off then, for the sound of her footsteps was as vague and listless and somehow undirected as her voice had been.

For a few moments she could hear Jennie talking in undertones, evidently as she arranged her six dolls. She eyed the wall ruefully, regretting its height. Even standing on the table she wouldn't be able to see over; and she had a great longing to see the grave child and her family.

Then suddenly, in a voice quite unlike her own, Jennie (who else could it have been but Jennie?) said, "Why don't you want Tim to come, Oliver?"

In another tone, surprised but genial, a caricature evidently of the person called Oliver, the answer came, "I not want Tim to come! My dear old chap, what a peculiar imagination you have. I can assure you I'm looking forward with the greatest pleasure to his visit. After all, an explorer from the Antarctic isn't someone one meets every day. I may write a play round him. Ha! ha! ha!"

The laugh in the child voice was the most precociously clever thing of all. It gave the impression of being good-natured and benevolent. Oliver, according to Jennie's interpretation, sounded a nice person, a person whose company one would enjoy.

"Anyway," the voice went on, "Jennie is looking forward to his coming. In fact, she's so excited Mrs. Hopkins says she can't do anything with her. Isn't that so, Jennie?"

This was too much for Sarah. In a moment she was at the garden wall, straining her ears so as to miss nothing, waiting with interest for Jennie to answer in her own voice. When she did it was almost startling, so real had been her mimicry.

"Yes, Uncle Oliver. Because he's my mother's brother isn't he? He'll be like me, mummy, won't he?"

"I've never met him, kitten. Your father has—ask him."

"I don't remember him very well, Jennie." That was the other voice, peculiarly repressed and tired. "Yes, I think he was a little like your mother."

"You'll know him by his nose," came another voice. The child had difficulty in making it harsh and autocratic, yet one sensed it was. "All the Flemings had long noses."

"And Tim's followed his for so long it's probably got out of bounds by now," said Oliver's jolly voice, and again came the clever imitation of a rollicking laugh.

"Mary didn't have a particularly long nose." That was Venetia's vague, slightly peevish voice. "Did she, Eliot?"

"Not particularly." That was the *treed* voice again. "Jennie isn't a great deal like her."

There was a slight thud. One of the dolls obviously had fallen down. There was a "tch-tch" from the child. "Venetia, can't you sit properly? Why must your back be so wobbly?"

Sarah felt quite relieved to hear her speak in a natural childish voice.

"The child's quite uncanny. It isn't right," she was thinking. Probably Jennie spent too much time alone. Perhaps this Uncle Tim, whoever he was, would remedy that.

A spatter of rain suddenly fell from the heavy clouds. There was a stirring of wind, then more rain. Sarah waited for sounds of Jennie gathering up her dolls to rush into shelter.

"Jennie!" called a voice from the house. "Come in out of the rain."

"Yes, Mrs. Hopkins," Jennie answered absently, not stirring.

After a few moments the same voice more impatient now, called again, "Jennie, do for goodness sake come in." Then it added, "Oh you're here, Mr. Oliver. Can you make Jennie come in? She's out there with her dolls, lost as usual. Probably doesn't even know it's raining."

"Jennie!" That was a deep, masculine voice, easy and good-natured, the male equivalent of the rollicking one Sarah had heard from Jennie's lips. "What are you doing, kitten? Oh, a tea-party."

The voice was much nearer now, and Sarah heard footsteps on the bricked path. "Isn't it too bad about the rain? Never mind, let's finish it in the nursery."

"Yes, Uncle Oliver." The blitheness had gone out of Jennie's voice. She was a well-mannered, colorless child.

"I'll help with the family. Hasn't it grown since I last saw it?"

"It's always been the same, Uncle Oliver."

"Has it, then? I thought you must have sneaked one in on me. This little one, for instance."

"That's baby Robert."

"Baby Robert! But, kitten—"

"I know he'd dead really," Jennie answered in her precise, adult voice, "but I like to pretend he isn't. And my mother, too."

There was a moment's silence. Then Oliver said uneasily, "Well, I declare! Which ones shall I carry?"

"I can carry them all, thank you. I'm used to it."

"Jennie, you're a wonder. If you don't grow up to become the mother of ten I'll be most disappointed."

*Completely absorbed, Jennie went on with her amazing mimicry.*



# Beginning an unusual new mystery serial

By  
**DOROTHY  
EDEN**

"We'd better hurry," said Jennie sedately. Sarah heard first her light footstep, then the heavier one of Uncle Oliver going down the path. Forgetting her own increasing wetness, she considered. Oliver tried hard with Jennie, but for some reason the child didn't respond. She shut herself in the moment he appeared.

Did she behave like that with everyone? And if so, why? Why did she have to escape into her world of fantasy?"

Sarah ached with curiosity. But, she reflected soberly, she would have to go on acting. For she wasn't likely to find out what went on next door.

To work off her restlessness she dressed in raincoat and brouges and took the tube to Holborn to spend the rest of the afternoon in the British Museum. That proved successful to a point. She spent a long time over illuminated manuscripts and Chinese porcelain.

Then she came upon a worn, almost shapeless rag doll, owned and loved by some Egyptian child in a forgotten dynasty. And Jennie, the living child in the house in Kensington who escaped from what surely must be an unhappy reality to her world of fantasy, came back sharply and irresistibly.

Why should she connect Jennie with a long-dead child playing with her doll in another civilisation? Was it because she seemed as lost as the child who had been dust for centuries?

Sarah sighed and turned and walked out of the museum. Somehow she had to follow her hunch that all was not as it should be and find out what went on next door.

When she reached home the rain had stopped and there was a primrose-colored sunset that made a light like flaring gas jets in the windows of Aunt Florence's house and the house next door.

Aunt Florence called that tea was ready, but Sarah remembered that she hadn't covered the swing and went down the garden to do it. That wasn't her main reason for going down. She thought that the cessation of rain might have brought Jennie out again.

Sure enough there were footsteps on the brick path. But they were heavy and measured. And there were two people there, as she knew almost at once by Oliver's deep tones.

"There's only one thing to do, Eliot, if she can't go to school," he said. "She must have a governess."

"Ah!" said Eliot. His voice was dry and restrained, and undoubtedly the tired, repressed one that Jennie had imitated earlier in the afternoon. "Can you afford it?"

"Of course, old chap. The play's doing very well. Anyway, Venetia would be only too pleased—"

"I tell you I won't live on Venetia's money."

"But, my dear fellow, there's utterly no question of that. A while back, I admit, it was touch and go, but now, with this play doing well and another practically ready—Reid, by the way, was telling me he wants to start rehearsals as soon as possible. There isn't a thing to worry about. Jennie can have a brace of governesses if she likes."

There was a silence. Then Oliver went on. "It was the small doll that shook me. Baby Robert, she was calling it. Did you know she had it?"

"No," Eliot answered sharply. "Why should she be doing that?"

"Jennie was nearly seven years old when her mother died. She probably felt it more than we realised."

Again there was a silence. Then Oliver said, "Venetia must do more for her."

"It's nothing to do with Venetia," Eliot burst out in a thin, hard voice. After his previous restrained tone the vehemence was somehow shocking. "Jennie is my child."



Please turn to page 43

"The child's quite unconvincing. It isn't right," Sarah thought, straining her ears to listen.

# A Seat in the Park

I THINK I'd have noticed her, anyhow, not so much because of what she looked like as the way she was sitting. She had a held-in look about her, as if she was forcing herself to sit there quietly when she would have liked to scream or run away. Being the park gardener, I always found myself looking over my shoulders who came to it.

"Fine morning!" I said when I came level with her. She jumped. "You on holiday here?" I asked her.

"Yes," she replied. "I'm supposed to have had a nervous breakdown."

She was smiling, but I couldn't see her eyes clearly; she was wearing glasses.

"Oh!" I said. "Well, you've come to the right place to get better. There's nothing like sea air."

"That's what the doctor said," Sara answered. "I'm staying at a boarding-house."

I didn't like the sound of it at all—staying by herself in one of those musty boarding-houses, coming out for walks by herself and spending the evenings, very likely, alone in her room.

"Well, this is a nice little park," I said. "There's a sheltered seat round the corner that I could show you. You'd be more comfortable there and you can see the sea from it." I took her along and spent two or three minutes telling her the names of the islands in the bay before I left.

I told Martha, my wife, about her that evening. "She sounds as though she needs to be fussed over for a bit," Martha said.

If you knew Martha you wouldn't be surprised to hear that a few days later Sara had moved into our spare room.

"What do you do when you're working, dear?" Martha asked her the first night at dinner. Sara hesitated for a minute.

"I was on the stage before I was ill," she said, "but—don't mention that to anybody, will you?"

"Of course we won't if you'd rather not," Martha said soothingly. "Don't worry, dear. There's a good little theatre in the town. Larry Sloan runs it. You should go along some night—it would cheer you up."

But Sara said she wasn't keen on going to the theatre when she was on a holiday, and she didn't mean to go back on the stage herself.

The first day I really saw her looking better was when Larry Sloan came into the park. Sara was folding her newspaper, sitting on one of the seats along the south path, when a sudden gust of wind whistled it right out of her hands and against Larry's long legs. He stopped and said something about "stop press" as he handed it back to her.

"Thank you," Sara said. Larry looked at her a bit harder.

"I say," he said, "haven't I seen you before?"

"You may have—I come here every day," Sara replied. Her hand went up to her face, straightening her dark glasses.

"Not here," Larry said. "In London, wasn't it?"

"I don't think so," Sara stammered just a little.

"Sorry. I must be mixing you up with somebody else," Larry apologised. He didn't go away at once, though; it must have been a good quarter of an hour later that he stopped to pass the time of day with me on his way out at the west gate.

We were proud of Larry in our town. He'd been born in Fisher Row, where his folks had lived for generations, but Larry had no use for the sea.

Larry started coming to the park a lot. Nearly every afternoon I'd see him sitting with Sara.

One Sunday morning when Martha and I were getting ready for church there was a knock at the door.

Sara was nearest to the door; she opened it. "Oh—hello!" I heard her say in a startled voice. I saw her put a hand up to her face and I was moving across to see who was there when Larry's voice said quietly, "Don't worry. I've known for some time who you are, even with the glasses. I won't

tell anybody if you don't want me to. I came to ask if you'd walk to the lighthouse with me."

"I'm sorry," Sara said. "I just couldn't walk that far. I haven't walked farther than the park since I came here."

"Nonsense!" Larry said. "You're better now. It's time you stopped taking care of yourself. Come on!"

Sara didn't answer. She stared at him for a minute, then she wheeled and walked past me with an angry flush in her cheeks. I heard her say to Martha she wouldn't be in to lunch, and then she was back, carrying her glasses and wearing a cardigan. "All right, then; I'll walk that far if it kills me," she said, rushing out ahead of Larry.

I began to have hopes for Sara and Larry after that, and I got quite a shock the first day I heard them quarrelling. Well, not exactly quarrelling, but arguing in serious, low-pitched voices. And a day or two later they were at it again. It was a windy day and they were sitting together on a seat sheltered on three sides by rock, so that, though I was working near, they didn't see me.

"Give up a career like yours and you'll never be happy again," Larry said.

"But," Sara said, "I don't want to go back."

"You mean that you're afraid; you think you can't do it, the same as you thought that you couldn't walk to the lighthouse."

"Maybe I am," she said. "But I don't want to go back. I'm tired of it."

"But what are you going to live on?" Larry persisted.

Sara laughed a bit. "Oh, I don't know. I can get some sort of job in this town, I expect—enough to keep me comfortably."

"That would only be a novelty," Larry interrupted. "Later on you'll be sorry when it's too late. I tell you, you're afraid, Sara. And you've got to face up to that fear or it'll ruin your life."

He walked away very fast, his feet clattering on the gravel. Sara sat still a long time.

After that, Larry stopped coming to the park in the afternoons.

It was the luckiest thing in the world, my asking Sara if she would like to walk round the harbor that Sunday evening, because we met Larry, heading back from rehearsal to his house in Fisher Row, hands in pockets and frowning so hard at the cobblestones that he never saw us.

"Evening, Larry!" I said. "Something wrong? You look worried."

"Hello!" Larry said, starting. "I should think there is. I've just taken Terry Deans to hospital—she slipped and broke her leg at rehearsal."

"That's bad luck," I said.

"I suppose she has an understudy?" Sara asked.

"No," Larry replied, "that's the bother. It's only going to be solo acts, but it will be a short show and pretty flat without her. But we'll fix up something, I suppose."

Sara looked odd. "Larry," she said. "I'll go on for you if you like."

"You!" Larry exclaimed. "You mean in one of your own acts?"

Sara nodded. Her cheeks were flushed. "A new one," she said. "I've been working on it." I remembered that in the afternoons lately I had noticed that she was scribbling in a book when she sat in the park.

Larry said excitedly, "But that would be grand! And we could announce you as Sara Riddle so that you needn't be nervous."

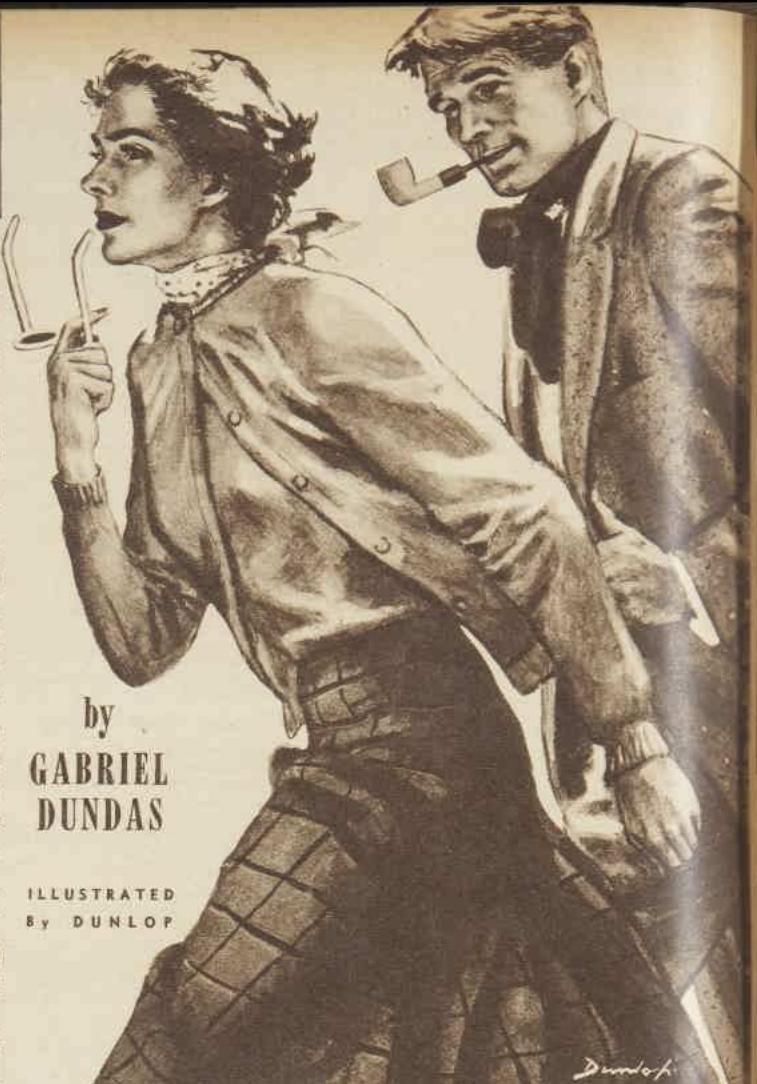
"No," she said coolly, "I'll go under my own name."

I'll never forget that night waiting for Sara to come on stage. Martha was worried stiff about her, for Sara had hardly been to bed.

"Now," Larry said from the stage, "I have much pleasure in announcing a surprise item. Miss Sara Van Loon is going to give her impression of 'A Seat in the Park'."

Somebody next to us said, "Not the Sara Van Loon? But it is!" And somebody else said, "Ssh."

Sara acted as if she were used to it. She came to the middle of the stage and she



by  
GABRIEL  
DUNDAS

ILLUSTRATED  
By DUNLOP

Sara rushed ahead of Larry, saying, "All right, then, I'll walk that far if it kills me!"

thing in the world that minute was for the man Sara was waiting for to come through the gate.

Sara stood up. She started to walk off the stage, very slowly, not speaking at all. Her face looked frozen and dead. Then suddenly she stopped short. Her head went up and she began to smile—it was like a light turned on slowly, bringing the whole of her face to life. She held her hands out and her whole body seemed to lift somehow—as if she were going to fly.

"Darling," she cried, "I thought you weren't coming!" Then she ran off the stage.

For just a second or two there was dead silence—then the applause broke out.

Larry was waiting for her when she ran off.

You could just see them from where we were sitting—in each other's arms and not caring if the applause went on till morning.

They say our visitors went home and boasted that year about how they had seen Sara Van Loon acting for the first time since her dramatic collapse on the stage a year before. There were headlines in the papers about it, and I know when Martha and I saw her in her dressing-room afterwards there was a little man tying himself in knots to get her to "look at a contract, anyway."

"Perhaps later on," Sara said. "I'm too busy now."

She's still too busy. Making new curtains for Larry's house; learning to bake scones with Martha; doing her shopping along High Street, where the tradesmen know her; helping Larry down at the theatre.

Footling kind of jobs for a great actress? But you have to live, Sara says, before you can act.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—June 18, 1952



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# Editorial

Vol. 20, No. 3

June 18, 1952

## LEVEL-CROSSING DISASTERS

LEVEL-CROSSING smashes, like the one recently at Boronia, near Melbourne, are recurring disasters.

They happen often enough for an accident pattern to be established, but apparently not often enough for anything effective to be done to eliminate them.

Newspaper cuttings on level-crossing smashes for the past 10 years or so show a tragic sameness.

The same place-names recur—Casino, N.S.W., Roschill and Brooklyn, both near Sydney, Boronia, Victoria.

Lucky escapes from crossing smashes often give much the same comment, "I didn't hear the train until it was right on top of me."

Several of the smashes with great loss of life have involved buses, although these drivers are professional motorists with more skill and, one would think, more care than the week-end driver.

And after the accident there are the only slightly varied comments of the Railway authorities, pointing out that the train has the right of way.

There are generally the same fulminations from local government authorities, the same sweeping demand that "all level-crossings be abolished."

*And that is all—until the next smash.*

The abolition of level-crossings seems impossible at present.

Each State Railways Department is trying to get rid of the most dangerous spots gradually, but surely something could be done to make them all safe.

You would think that a civilisation which has split the atom could produce some simple and effective automatic warning for level-crossings.

## OUR COVER

Young ballerina Lucia Beninati, eight-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Beninati, of Kingsford, N.S.W., who has had two years at ballet school, was photographed dancing *La Fioraia Italiana* (*The Italian Flower Seller*). Clive Thompson, staff photographer, took the picture.

## This week:

• How the Sara Quads had a Mantoux test to ascertain if they had been in contact with a tuberculous sufferer is told on page 17. Phillip was the only one who showed any signs of nervousness and he had some cause. As soon as he smelt ether he cried and clung to his mother. The reason? He had popped a cog wheel and spindle from a clock dismantled by big brother Geoffrey into his mouth and it had slipped into his throat. A rush trip to hospital and the recovery of the wheel left little Phillip with vivid memories of ether. Now his mother is more than ever vigilant about toys played with by the Quads.

• Elegant-looking furs are not only in the luxury price range now. On pages 12 and 13 you can see in color how far Australian manufacturers have advanced in the art of dyeing and dressing the less expensive furs to provide glamor at budget prices. So far they have not changed the leopard's spots for him—the pattern of his pelt is far too decorative—but they have dyed mink skins wonderful cardinal-red and lynx a pearly-pink. Tasmanian wallaby is treated to resemble silver-blue mink and one luxurious combination is South American ocelot and cocoa-colored Indian lamb.

• "Voice of a Dove," our new serial, which opens on page 6, is an intriguing story of mystery and adventure by popular New Zealand novelist Dorothy Eden, who is also well known in Australia.

## Next week:

• Ways to achieve striking and unusual effects in furnishing a living-room when cash outlay is limited are described by Joan Martin. In addition to basic furniture bought cheaply second-hand, she says, you need only use your imagination plus some ingenuity with paint brushes and furnishing fabrics to complete the job.



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# Violinist has two strings to her bow

## Young Australian is discovery of decade

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

Young South Australian violinist Carmel Hakendorf, who has scored the greatest musical triumph in Britain for more than a decade, may become equally successful as a pianist.

Wearing her white tulle wedding dress and playing Mendelssohn's violin concerto, Carmel recently made her London debut in the new Royal Festival Hall.

THE hall, which seats 3500, was sold out because Miss Hakendorf's appearance had been heralded by rapturous reports of her playing from the north of England.

After the concert Carmel was so excited that she slipped into one of the smaller music rooms at the Festival Hall and began to play the rondo from Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto.

Concert-manager Mr. S. Gorinsky was so impressed with this impromptu performance that he has asked Carmel to appear with the Halle Orchestra as both solo violinist and pianist.

In spite of this breathtaking offer, if Carmel follows the advice of Sir John Barbirolli, who discovered her, she will concentrate on her violin.

Sir John, who is the conductor of the Halle Orchestra, is saying proudly, "I have discovered a star."

"Miss Hakendorf promises to be the greatest violinist of her generation."

Carmel is 24, comes from St. Peters, Adelaide, and has been playing both violin and piano since she was five.

She started her career at that age in a party dress, playing "Pop Goes the Weasel" on a baby-size violin.

After that she gave a number of child-wonder performances. Her progress astonished Adelaide musicians. She attracted wide notice and musical laurels in the form of a formidable wad of press clippings.

Petite, serious-minded, modest, Carmel is a little awed by the sensation her playing has caused in British music. The credit, she says, is entirely due to wise parents.

Her father is Jens Hakendorf, an Adelaide music teacher.

"My parents saw the danger of turning me into a child prodigy," Carmel said. "They put a stop to these child performances and devoted themselves to helping me work and study."

"I didn't give any more public performances till I began broadcast recitals in 13."

Carmel was only 15 when she joined the South Australian Symphony Orchestra and began giving concerto performances on both piano and violin.

As deputy leader of the orchestra she attracted the at-

tention of a string of visiting celebrities, including Galliera, Kletzki, Kubelik, Klemperer, and Barbirolli.

"Playing under the great musicians," she said, "is by far the finest experience I have had. To me, it has been infinitely better for my own development than merely listening to the great performers."

"I don't really believe much in the 'influence' of this or that player, or in absorbing the musical 'atmosphere' of the great music capitals. I believe the big thing is work and experience."

The Czech conductor Kublik heard Carmel both at the piano and the violin.

He urged her to go to Prague, offered her engagements with the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra.

"But I had to refuse," Carmel told me. "The international situation didn't make a visit to Czechoslovakia very promising. Besides, I was only 18 then."

On his Australian tour last year, Sir John Barbirolli was equally impressed with Carmel's playing.

He singled her out for an audition and promptly invited her to come to England for a series of concerts with the Halle Orchestra.

This time, she accepted.

This has been quite a year for Carmel. Three months ago she married Nils Nilsson, a ruddy, ginger-haired philosophy student.

They are shy and inclined to protest about calling their English visit a honeymoon trip.

"We had our honeymoon before we left Australia," they said.

### London flat

WITHIN a week of arriving in London they had found themselves a flat in Finchley, North London, right opposite a rare city luxury—a vast, open-air swimming-pool.

"House-hunting is easier here than in Adelaide. We hardly had any trouble at all," Carmel said.

"I practise for five hours every day, so far without any complaints from our neighbours."

Her husband Nils will continue his studies at London University.

"When we left Australia for England," he said, "we thought it was for a mere three engagements."

"When we arrived, we found



CARMEL HAKENDORF cuts her wedding cake, appropriately decorated with a violin, after her marriage to Nils Nilsson in Adelaide a few months ago. She wore her wedding gown for her London debut.

Sir John had booked Carmel as concerto performer in no fewer than eight concerts throughout England.

"As soon as she made her debut in Preston, the papers started calling. The telephone hardly stopped ringing for days.

"To make it easier for her, particularly while she has been practising, I've been hopping in and doing a bit of 'managing' for her. Around the time of an engagement, it's practically a full-time job!"

For her first performance in England, Carmel's colleagues in the South Australian Symphony Orchestra sent a huge bouquet of roses and carnations. There were dozens of cables.

Carmel pinned a red rose to her billowing white concert gown.

"For luck," she said.

It was a sceptical audience, distrustful of youthful unknowns.

Critical standards are high in the North of England; Barbirolli's Halle Orchestra itself has done much to raise them.

But the critics stayed to marvel and applaud. The audience called Carmel back a half-dozen times to acknowledge their applause.

News of her success spread through the Press "raves" to London, and paved the way for her London debut at the Royal Festival Hall.

"Nervous? Yes, I certainly was," Carmel said. "But if you don't get nervous, I don't think you play your best."

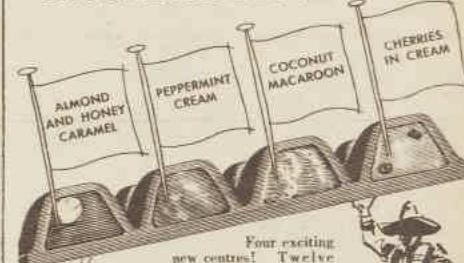
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Page 11

# HIGH FASHION AND NEW COLORS IN FUR



• Natural Canadian ranch mink is used for the lavish scarf-stole, above. The stole is finished with six mink tails. A chic wrap for day or night.



• Short-cut sports coat, above, is made in South American ocelot, with collar and cuffs in coco-colored Indian lamb. The jacket has boxy lines.



• North American musquash pelts blended to look like silver-blue mink are used for the full-length coat with a luxurious collar (arrow).



• Mole skins dyed to a rich cardinal-red make the cape, below. The cape weighs almost nothing, but is wonderfully warm.



• Shawl-shaped cape-stole, right, in blond Hudson Bay lynx. The ends of the stole are worn folded over to form a large decorative muff.

• Australian furriers have mastered the technique of dyeing and dressing musquash, peschaniki, or Tasmanian wallaby to resemble the world-famous silver-blue mink.

UNDER the friendly eye of the 34-year-old Fur Trade Association of Australia, local designers and manufacturers are producing fashions I consider comparable in style and quality to any overseas collection.

In the blending of pelts they are achieving the soft, fluent fullness which modern fur styles require, and in dyeing have produced some superb and subtle shades.

Fur designs this year are individual. In fact, almost any shape you find in cloth you will also find in fur.

Styles are of every length from elbow-length to the hemline.

Color interest is high, particularly in the new beiges, blue-greys, and variations of brown.

There are also pelts dyed in really vivid colors, which are an attractive novelty for the younger woman.

Face-framing collars are a major fashion.

I like particularly the fur jacket with the nipped-in waist and jutting basque.

Watch for the sporty jacket cut on boxy lines.

Stoles and capes have soft, rounded shoulderlines and rippling back treatments.

Never overlook the wonderful glamor and luxury of white fur for after-dark. For pure flattery it cannot be surpassed. On these pages are nine important fur styles. All are high fashion.

Betty Neely



• Fullness without bulk. Luxury cape, above, is made in silver-blue mutation mink. Pictures by staff photographer Robert Cleland.



• Perfect evening elegance is expressed in the glamorous white Arctic fox for an evening stole, above.

• Belted jacket in silver musquash, below left, has the popular nipped-in waistline and jutting basque.

• Scandinavian pearl-blue fox was used for the muff-cape, below, styled and shaped with moderate fullness.



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**BACHELORS' DANCE.** Shirley Pye and Ted Brady were among the 400 young people at the dance at Glen Aschan, Darling Point, given by Keith Leahy, David Marina, Boy Thompson, and Sam Walder.



**KING'S SCHOOL BALL.** Helen Lummers (left), Tony Collins, and Sibella Hill-Douglas at The King's School Ball at the Trocadero. Sibella sailed for England next day with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Hill-Douglas, of Berala.



**PRETTY BRIDE.** Mrs. John Lavender, formerly Jennifer Linsley, of Murrurundi, with flowergirls Virginia Coulshaw (left) and Katie Lou Walker, before her wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

## Social Greetings

ALL the richness and brilliance of Court splendor returned to Government House when the Governor, Sir John Northcott, assisted by his daughter Elizabeth gave a reception in honor of Queen Elizabeth's birthday.

Many of the beautiful gowns, furs, and jewels which had been purchased for the Royal visit were worn for the first time at the party, which marked the end of Court mourning.

The men were resplendent with their gold braid and decorations.

Early arrivals had time to admire the entrance hall, which was originally decorated for the Royal tour with rose velvet and damask curtains and carpet in a deeper shade. They then moved into the stately ballroom and drawing-room, where the 400 guests were received.

WARMING themselves around the blazing log fire in the entrance hall at Government House were Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. A. Showers and charming newcomers to Sydney, Captain S. H. Beattie, V.C., and Mrs. Beattie. Captain Beattie came from England this year to command the R.A.N.'s first frigate flotilla. His wife wore a cream satin frock patterned in mauve orchids with an emerald and pearl necklace. Mrs. Showers' aqua chiffon frock was offset with a diamond brooch.



**MILITARY BALL.** Brigadier Denzil Macarthur Onslow (left) and Mrs. Macarthur Onslow chat with Mrs. C. E. Chapman and Brigadier Ivan Dockerty at Eastern Command Auxiliary's first annual ball at Victoria Barracks. Mrs. Macarthur Onslow's stole was of gold brocade.



**COCKTAIL PARTY.** Mr. Eddie Wall is welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. George Falkiner, of "Haddon Rig," Warren, to their cocktail party at the Pickwick Club.

THE swollen Murrumbidgee River and flooded creeks made the journey to Wagga an adventure for country visitors attending Wagga Picnic Race Club meeting. Fine weather on the first day was ideal for picnic lunches. Congratulations were showered on the T. E. Gormans, of "Fairfield," Yerong Creek, when Riverina Lad, whom Mr. Gorman owned and trained, won the club cup. Mrs. Mildred Parnell, of "Mangoplah," flew home from America to see her horse Countess Lyla, which won last year, finish third.

A ROUND of parties followed the announcement of Ursula Pellegrini's engagement to Frank Fanning. Ursula is the eldest daughter of Mrs. M. Pellegrini, of Bellevue Hill, and the late Mr. Pellegrini, and Frank is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Fanning, of North Bondi. They plan to marry next April.



**WED AT ST. STEPHEN'S.** Euan Barnet and bride, formerly June Nitison, Walcha, with attendants Mrs. Nicholas Job (left), Mrs. Paul Johnstone, Julian Nitison, Paul Johnstone, and Ross Barnet.

A SEPTEMBER wedding is being planned by Victorian lass Pat Whitehead and her fiance, Peter Austin, at St. John's Toorak. Peter is the eldest son of Mr. H. H. Austin, of "Gimangulla," Gunnedah, and Mrs. V. A. Austin, of Clover Hill, Moss Vale, and Pat is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Whitehead, of "Binalong," Lakeside, Troussau-shopping to Melbourne and frequent conferences with bridesmaids Joan Johnstone and Ann Miller have already started for Pat. Both girls come from her home town, Deniliquin. Peter is managing his mother's property at Moss Vale, where the young couple will live.

A BUTTERCUP-YELLOW hat offset the pretty junior-navy suit which Mrs. Bill Glendenning wore when she left for her honeymoon at Jervis Bay. The bride was Judy Dale, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Dale, of Cronulla. Bill is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Glendenning, of Bundanoon. They were married at St. Philip's, Church Hill, and will live at Bundanoon.

FASHION notes . . . Mrs. Owen Merriman's gunmetal-grey toque of tightly curled feathers beaded in exactly matching pearls . . . the short evening frock of heirloom white lawn embroidery worn by Mrs. Bruce Steer. A cluster of violets was pinned to the black velvet sash.

SETTLING into their home at "Avondale," Hillston, after honeymooning in New Zealand are Clifford and Helen Helps. Helen is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. M. F. Bruxner, of Bellevue Hill.



**COUNTRY WEDDING.** Bruce Powell and his bride, formerly Gillian Davidson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hector Davidson, of "Verana," Young, after their wedding at St. John's, Young.



**WAGGA PICNICS.** President of Wagga Picnic Race Club, Owen Lloyd Jones, and his wife at the Picnics. They entertained friends at a cocktail party at Romanos, Wagga, after the second day's racing.

Anne

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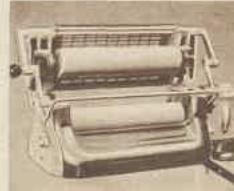
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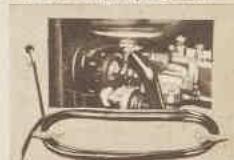
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# ACTORS' NIGHT OUT



ENGLISH STAGE STAR Jessie Matthews with entrepreneur Kenn Brodziak (left), who brought her to Australia, and English comedian Jimmy Hanley, who is starring at the Tivoli Theatre, Melbourne.

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

With "plenty of helpers, plenty of credit, plenty of drinks, a little food, and a few friends" as his blueprint, breezy English stage star William Hodge recently took time off from his role of chef in the comedy hit "Seagulls Over Sorrento" to "cook up" a party at his Melbourne flat. It was a hilarious performance.

BILL HODGE'S "few friends" included visiting London theatre personalities Jessie Matthews, Tommy Trinder, and Jimmy Hanley; "Kiss Me Kate" stars Joy Turnip, Hayes Gordon, and Morgan Davies; J. C. Williamson producer John Casson, son of Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson, and a host of local celebrities and socialites.

"I'm not going to waste time introducing anybody," said Bill airily.

"The only ones anyone might need to know are my medical advisers. They're over there," he said, indicating former P.O.W. surgeon Edward ("Weary") Dunlop and Dr. Bryan Hughes.

"Thought I'd better ask 'em to come, chum — you never know."

From the moment Tommy Trinder turned up there were

patients galore — suffering from split sides.

Tommy's entrance was a wistful face appearing from behind the front door innocently demanding, "When did you leave Melbourne, Hodge? I've contracted an astigmatism trying to find this flat for the past three hours."

Aside to someone who offered him a savory: "No thanks, dear, I'm using my State-owned teeth."

"Hello," he beamed, giving Mr. Frank Tait a wickedly disarming smile. "I hear the firm is so tired of making money you're going to revive 'Annie Get Your Gun.'

"Don't mind anything I say. When I stop talking I starve."

"I'm in competition with The Australian Women's Weekly now, too," he added. "I've just written a book for women. It's my autobiography."

"It's called 'The Man I Love,' and it's dedicated to the P.M.G.'s Department — without whose pens it would never have been written."



"NOTHING LIKE TEA," declares teetotaller Tommy Trinder. By 5.30 a.m. he had convinced other guests.

Then came a scene in the kitchen with Tommy and Bill Hodge trying to light the gas oven.

"I always put a bunch of flowers on the scone on Mother's Day," sighed Tommy sentimentally. "I was an incubator baby."

The flying figure of staff photographer Ernie Mann rushing up the passage, camera in hand, led stragglers back into the drawing-room.

"Jessie Matthews has lost her ear," Ernie whispered as aside to me as he screwed a flash globe into his camera and focused on a group of figures.



CHOCOLATE from Catherine Hale, teenage daughter of Jessie Matthews, for John Carroll. Other guests at the party included John Tait, David Martin, and Garnet Carroll.



CHAMPAGNE COCKTAILS are mixed by Gordon Chater, of the "Seagulls Over Sorrento" company, for Leslie Potter and Leonard Bullen.

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# Frayfish, cocktails, and cuppas



THE KITCHEN of his Toorak Road flat, host Bill Hodge (left) tosses a pancake with the ease of a master chef, but unfortunately loses track of it. At right: Bill gives routine orders to the honorary parlormaid staff (from left) radio actress Marce Marson, Julia Ross, and his landlady, Mrs. D. J. Ross.

on their knees running their hands over the carpets, Bill sat down dejectedly as he discovered he had been wrongly informed. Jessie had lost only a earring.

Odder still was the expression of a well-known Melbourne woman columnist. She had the mortification of hearing her own off-the-record garrulous comments about a recent party she had attended read back to her by "Kiss Me Kate" leading man Hayes Gorden, who had tape-recorded her conversation.

Hayes, like Bill, is a tenant of Mrs. D. J. Ross, whose running home in Toorak is divided into four flats. Although nobody set out to entertain anyone else, never at any stage did the party lose its theatre character.

The brilliant young actor-manager of Melbourne's new and widely discussed Arrow Theatre, Frank Thring, was the exactly as he appears on stage in the theatre's current production, "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

His hair was powdered grey and he wore a loosely tied tame wool tie with his immodestly tailored black taffeta suit and black suede shoes. His hand-knitted wool socks were candy-striped in red, blue, green, yellow, and brown.

Frank nonchalantly disappeared for a while to carry on his role at the theatre. He returned after the show to con-

tinued the conversation where he had left off.

Tommy Trinder disappeared and surfaced again and again after making conducted tours to show his guests his specially designed hand-made Rolls-Bentley car parked outside.

Tossing down yet another soft drink, he took pains to point out that the car number plate "TT" did not stand for his initials but for his nature.

"I'm a total teetotaler," he said.

"In my football-playing days—not the aerial ping-pong you play here—my coach said, 'No drinking, no smoking, and no women.' I still don't drink."

At 5.30 a.m., many hours later, Mr. Trinder, still holding forth and balancing a cup of tea on his lap, had persuaded the remaining guests that there was a lot to be said for teetotalism.

"I couldn't agree more," said Bill Hodge, sadly surveying the pile of glasses to be washed.

Finding himself a clean plate, he made a tour of the room, piling the plate with lobster, pate de foie gras, and other remnants of his party spread.

"I'm starving," he admitted. "I didn't like to eat anything earlier."

"Whenever I give a party I always panic that there won't be enough food to go round."

"Now, as I was saying . . ." came the carefree Trinder tones . . .



SUPPING HEARTILY to the amusement of amateur producer Irene Mitchell (left) and Loreday Hills is Frank Thring, who plays "The Man Who Came To Dinner" in the play of that name at the Arrow Theatre, Melbourne.



COMEDIENNE Letty Craydon goes anti-social on the crowd, and declares she has "had" parties. At this point she kicked off her shoes and relaxed in an armchair with a cuppa.



LOBSTER DISCUSSION shared by (from left) John Casson and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Bryan Hughes, Mrs. Dunlop and her husband, well-known P.O.W. surgeon "Weary" Dunlop.

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- ★ Makes cocktails.
- ★ Prepares bread-crumbs.
- ★ Chops nuts.
- ★ Makes shampoo from odd scraps of soap.

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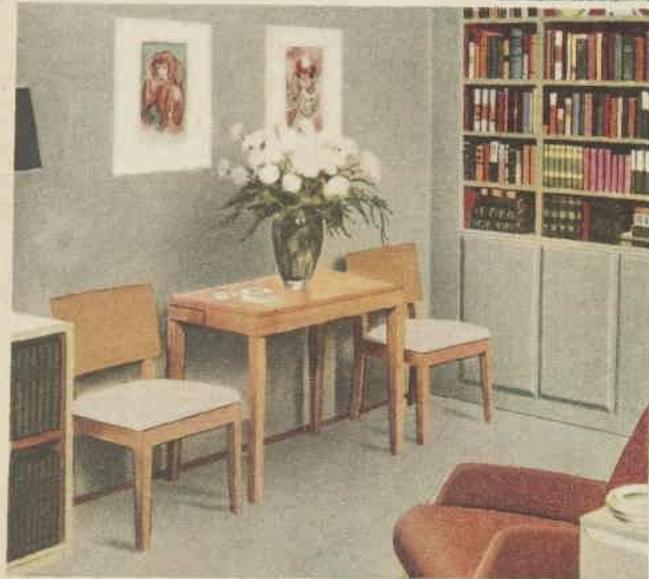
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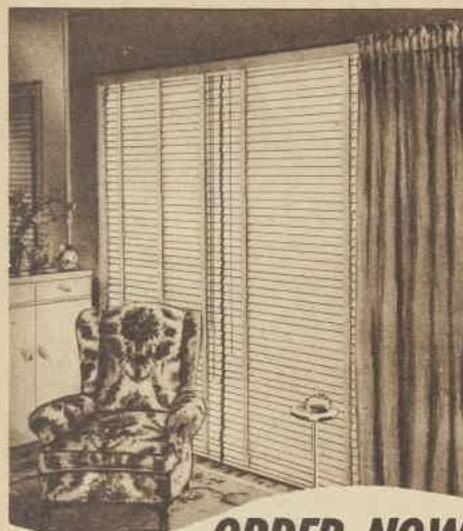
# The house that has EVERYTHING

• The plan, appointments, and furniture of the perfect house for 1952 are presented in this eight-page supplement. Most of the ideas can be adapted to your needs, whether your home has already been built or is still a dream of the future.



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**THE ONE-WOMAN KITCHEN**



*NO ROOM FOR DRUDGERY.* All activities revolve round this open kitchen and the important one woman who works here. No longer relegated to a back-of-the-house existence, the housewife can see and talk to the guests in the dining-room or on the terrace or to the children playing in the service yard.

**Open planning ensures space and privacy when wanted**

The kitchen in "the house that has everything" is a one-woman kitchen. It is the hub round which family life revolves.

Located in the centre of the house, it is the headquarters of the woman who runs the entire establishment alone.

THE convention of relegating the kitchen to the dead-end of the house is a relic of the times when it was staffed by servants and when cooking was a long and laborious process.

The kitchen now ranks in importance with the living-room.

And why not, since most housewives spend far more time there than in the living-room?

Even equipment for cooking is attractive to-day.

The modern housewife has respect and gratitude for the marvels of machinery. She is willing to make sacrifices in order to invest in equipment which will do her work for her.

She knows that this gives her just so much more leisure for outside interests and community activities.

The kitchen shown above and in the color photograph

opposite illustrates the advantages of modern aids to house-keeping. Materials used reduce long-term maintenance and day-to-day clean-ups almost to zero point.

Youngsters nowadays take part in the working of the household.

They are the constant companions of mother, who is shopper, cook, house-cleaner, useful, and general manager as well as nursemaid.

There is rarely space in the modern house for separate children's quarters. Babies usually eat with the family, and as soon as they can walk use the whole house almost as freely as their elders do.

Clever ventilation keeps the air clear and odorless.

At dinner-time, the hostess draws a folding wall, shutting off the kitchen, and seats her guests in a pleasant dining-room which is still only a step from the kitchen. She can serve without delay or apologies.

A streamlined kitchen requires calculated planning. It is not so much the feet and inches that count as the way they are apportioned.

This kitchen is quite small. Overall length is 23 ft. width at the widest point 8 ft. 6 in.

But the space is broken up so that the meal-preparation and clean-up areas are concentrated in a space only 14 ft. by 8 ft. 6 in.

It is only a few steps from one work area in the kitchen to another.

Adjoining the kitchen proper is the laundry, which is only 6 ft. long. It holds a washing machine and an ironing machine which makes the ironing a sit-down job.

In this "wing," too, is plentiful storage space, one of the keys to leisure in home-making.

It provides room for a stock of staple and processed foods which otherwise would necessitate frequent shopping.



**CAPACIOUS DRAWERS** (above) under the range top and tiled work-table hold everything used in meal preparation, including pots and pans, casseroles, baking-tins. Pot lids have a special rack.



**HEAVY ARTICLES** (right) are within easy reach on revolving shelves fitted into this rounded corner. Vegetables are safe and accessible at the same level in ventilated pull-out shelf-bins.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 18, 1952



THE KITCHEN is the heart of the home, and its central location saves the housewife many steps. Accordion-like folding-doors draw together to separate kitchen and dining-room when privacy is desired.



**PHILIPS**  
offer

# Some helpful lighting suggestions

for the "home that has everything"

To-day, lots of home planners strive for effect architecturally yet skimp on the one thing that can make the most of architectural treatments—good lighting. Although the first and most important function of light is to make it easy for people to SEE clearly and comfortably, light plays a big part, too, in building atmosphere, in lending charm and warmth even to the simplest home. Your own ingenuity and imagination will suggest many ways in which light may be employed, both to make seeing easier and to build atmosphere. Here are just a few suggestions from Philips Lighting Service Bureau which may start you thinking.

#### Lighting for Close Seeing

The ideal light for close seeing, such as reading, writing and particularly sewing, is that provided by an I.E.S. "Better Light—Better Sight" standard or table lamp as shown in the illustration. Adequate light for these tasks not only means that you read, write, study or sew in comfort, but you protect your eyes against strain and make these activities less tiring. Then again, adequate light is vital in the kitchen, particularly over the stove and sink. Our illustration here shows a shielded bracket lamp over the cooking area. A similar lamp or a "down light" recessed in the ceiling should be used over the sink.

The bathroom mirror and bedroom dressing table mirror also need special attention. Philips "Philinea" lamps mounted above and below these mirrors, or Philips "Colorents" lamps mounted at each side, provide adequate light for shaving, "make-up" and dressing. A Philips "Philinea" mounted over the bed serves as an ideal bed reading lamp.



#### Lighting for Convenience

It costs very little to install Philips tubular lamps inside cupboards. These lamps can be operated by a plug-type switch built into the door frame so that the light comes on automatically as the cupboard doors are opened.

Wall bracket lamps lend variety to the lighting plan and are ideally suited for hallways. Very often the linen cupboard or a coat cupboard will open into the hall and it is simple to position a wall bracket fitting so that these cupboards come directly into its range.

#### Lighting for Atmosphere

Very few homes make use of fluorescent lighting, yet it is the most economical of all home lighting in use. It gives a soft, shadow-free, all-over diffused light and creates an atmosphere of soothing luxury. Fluorescent lamps are available in different "colours": warm-white fluorescent is best suited to lounge, dining and bedrooms, while natural - colour fluorescent suits kitchen requirements best. Fluorescent lighting is



Every home is  
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light

# COMFORT FIRST

## Old and new blend in design and furnishings of ideal house

"The house that has everything" is designed to serve rather than to impress, and its dominant note is comfort for the people who live in it.

It is modern, but not extremely so; in it the best has been taken from architecture of the past as regards line and proportion, and familiar forms have been altered to obtain better and more convenient arrangements.

MATERIALS, finishes, and surfaces were chosen because they are easy to clean and maintain, thus making life within its walls less arduous.

The ground plan of "the house that has everything" provides for a pleasant outlook from all rooms, as well as ensuring privacy when required.

This was possible because a big area of ground was available, a block with a frontage of 130 feet, a depth of 225 feet.

When smaller building lots must be used, much can be achieved to make the outlook from main rooms pleasant if the point is considered at the planning stage and when the garden is being laid out.

In this case the house was placed towards the rear of the block, to take full advantage of the northern aspect for living rooms and bedrooms, as well as a warm terrace.

It contains 1733 square feet of enclosed living space and 1122 square feet of semi-enclosed or partly developed space, including the porch, garage, breezeway, and basement.

Living rooms and the terrace may be combined in a way which makes them flow together and gives scope for family entertaining.

The main living rooms have tiled floors, and a tiled wall in an attractive design divides the living-room from the dining-

room. Though this item may be excluded from many plans because of expense or because tiled floors may be too cold in winter, similar schemes using polished wood for floors and panelings might be substituted.

Excellent effects might also be obtained with manufactured panelings and floor coverings on the market in Australia.

*Spreading space*  
*The terrace which is shown in color on page 19 provides further "spreading" space. In Australia it could be used on some part of every fine day throughout the year.*

in the room could be easily drawn around the fireside for a "snack" meal.

The porch, which is also tiled, has wrought-iron furniture which is solid and comfortable. For summer-time eating it is an ideal spot. Modern china and table linen can make even everyday meals appear festive.

In the dining-room, the round table of blond wood, with matching chairs upholstered in light cinnamon, and the cabinet holding all dining-table appointments blend harmoniously into the general scheme.

Special emphasis is laid upon the appointments for the dining-room. Attractive china may be obtained now in lower price ranges, and careful buying will ensure that this fits in with the general color scheme.

Table linen plays its part in the color scheme, too, and the keen needlewoman may like to embroider this herself. In "the house that has everything" wheat ears were chosen as the dominant motif for table linen and were embroidered on tablecloths and napkins.

The theme was repeated on guest towels, stencilled on curtains, and worked on aprons.

If there is anyone with artistic talent in the family, the design can be repeated in pottery welcome vases, ash-trays, salad and fruit bowls.

The den is the most riot-



very versatile . . . it can be "built-in" to ceilings, concealed behind cornices, placed behind curtain pelmets to lend dramatic effect to curtains, or it may be used in special fittings either flush with or suspended from the ceiling. Warm - white fluorescent light may be blended judiciously with incandescent light from wall brackets, table and standard lamps, etc.

Atmosphere is also enhanced when murals and pictures are featured by spot lighting or the careful placing of wall lamps. Specimen or china cabinets should also be highlighted, and light under a vase of flowers placed on a ground glass panel is particularly effective.



#### A Garden

#### Fairyland by Night

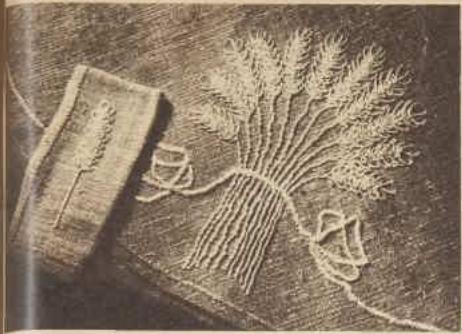
Strategically placed Philips lamps can transform even the smallest garden into a night-time fairyland. At the same time, these lamps say "welcome" to visitors and light the way from gate to door. Odd jobs of gardening can be done after sundown, too, when outdoor lights are used.

Whatever decisions you finally reach in planning light for your home, be sure that PHILIPS lamps of adequate wattage are used as the source of light.



IN WINTER the glass doors of the living-room, forming almost the whole wall on to the terrace, are closed against chill winds, and the sunlight streams in to warm the room.

# Home designed for happy family life



**WHEAT EAR MOTIF** which is embroidered on table and other linen in "the house that has everything." The design is simple and pleasing and does not take a great deal of time to embroider. Single ears decorate smaller articles.

modern room and really has chameleon characteristics. It can be a library, a study, a guest bedroom, a rumpus-room, or, in the years to come, a television-room.

A sliding wall similar to that between the dining-room and the kitchen makes a hall that usually "isn't there" by cutting off the main part of the room and forming a passage into the second bedroom. Earth colors, a deep, sandy beige and white, are used in the furnishings of this room, and an unusual feature is a tiled seat of Roman-striped design which gives the appearance of an upholstered window seat.

Here, again, appropriate materials may be substituted for the tiles and the seat upholstered in similar Roman stripes.

In the master bedroom, the husband's bed has a head of solid chest-of-drawers and the wife's bed has a head formed by the back of her desk.

To disguise the width of the full-sized beds, they are pushed under wall cabinets in the daytime and pulled out again at night, moving easily on their rubber wheels. The wall cabinets then become "night tables" to hold books or a water carafe.

Bolsters to match the green covers of the bed are placed in front of the cabinets, and the daytime transformation is complete.

A pretty idea carried out in the bedrooms is the embroidering of the green top blankets with flowers to match the pattern of the carpet.

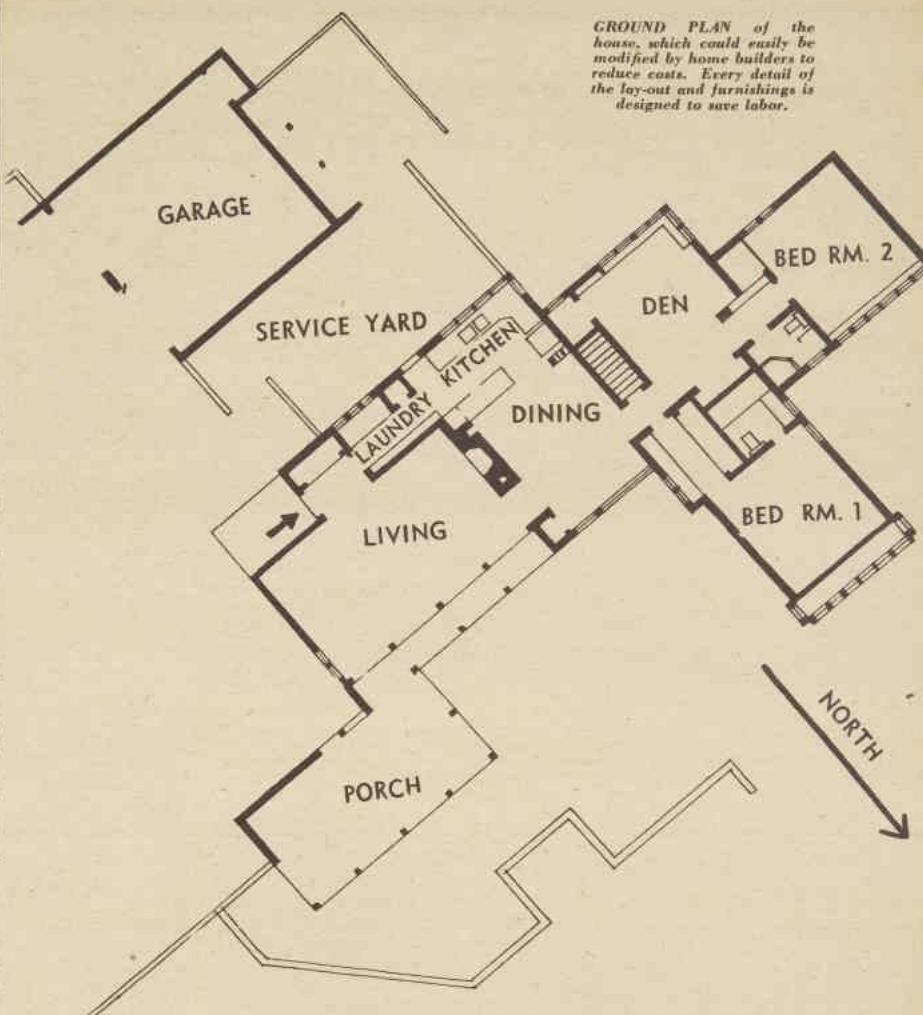
Walls lined with cupboards and built-in drawers form the entrance to the main bedroom and the dressing area, which may be screened from the rest of the room.

The master bedroom has its own bathroom, which is a model of compactness.

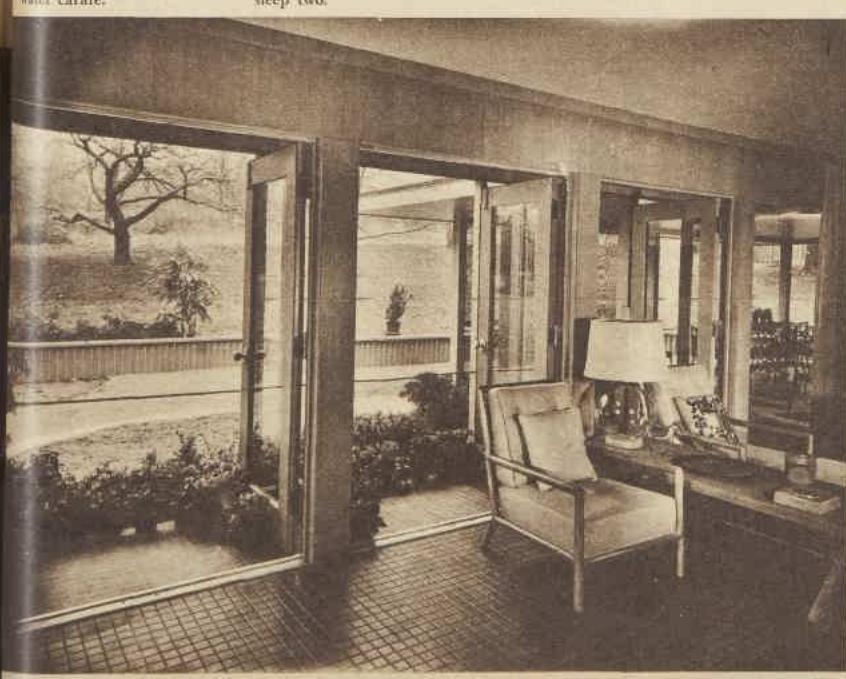
Privacy is provided by a plastic screen in two layers, between which fern fronds are pressed. This screen is inserted inside the window glass. It admits light but ensures privacy.

The second bedroom, which is so often the "orphan" room of the home, is one of the most cheerful in this house, doubling as a sewing-room in the daytime.

The sofa in this room is a conventional bed with foot and headboards. In the daytime it conceals a trundle bed with a good mattress, and when this is pulled out from underneath and made up the room can sleep two.



GROUND PLAN of the house, which could easily be modified by home builders to reduce costs. Every detail of the lay-out and furnishings is designed to save labor.



IN SUMMER the glass wall of the living-room is opened on to the terrace and the area greatly increased. The furnishings of the room are suitable for either season and are made for family use.



DINING-ROOM, showing accordion wall which shuts the area away from the kitchen when privacy is desired if guests are being entertained.

# Inside The House Has Everything

*Pictures on these pages show tips in and color schemes in our home, an inspiring guide for new home or householders planning room*

"The House That Has Everything" is a home which the whole family can enjoy.

Color schemes are carefully thought out, are attractive, bright, and in good taste.

When the children are growing up, their bed-sitting rooms,

the conservatory and the terrace, may live and friends who come by the night, the young.



SECOND BEDROOM (above) is furnished for daytime use as a sewing-room or small sitting-room. The room has a comfortable "lived in" look. Below: The second bedroom as it looks at night. The curtains, which are patterned after calico patchwork, cover windows, giving privacy and cosiness. It is an ideal room for the boy or girl of the household.



THE LIVING-ROOM is ready for all occasions, with no taboos or prohibitions about design for comfort for all ages of people, it may be put to many uses and is easy to amount of the human clutter of daily living is accommodated without giving the room

# Use That Thing.

Good furnishings  
are the best. They are  
the builders  
of renovations.

comfortable living-room,  
the terrace lend them-  
selves to study or pleasure.  
Most important, adults  
and children entertain their  
friends without being disturbed  
by the minor activities of the



Use that porch. Since it is  
so close to the house, it is  
a natural extension of the  
living room. A reasonable  
amount of space gives it an  
overcrowded look.



THE MASTER BEDROOM as it appears in the daytime. With houses shrinking in size as costs go up, bedrooms must be more than sleeping rooms. Bed-head desk (at right), book recesses above day-beds, wide windows, and pleasant furnishings make this a comfortable sitting-room.



THE PORCH (above) merges with indoors so well that it is not easy to see where the inside stops and the outside begins. The north wall of the dining area (right) admits sun in winter, is sheltered with curtains for warmer days, and is fully shaded in midsummer by a canvas awning.





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# Planning abolishes clutter

## Office filing system is model for storage

Storage space in "the house that has everything" is so carefully thought out that clutter can be completely eliminated.

WHEN provision for storage is included in home plans from the beginning, precise organisation is really possible.

Built-in storage space made for special purposes is the least obtrusive and most easily managed of all. Final plans should be scrutinised closely by the mother of the family before the building begins.

If lists are made of the probable contents of each cupboard and the size of the cupboard and depth of the shelves checked, some idea of the total capacity will be obtained and a future discovery that the space provided is inadequate will be avoided.

In this house there is no stowing away of temporarily unwanted articles in odd corners or the exhausting process of digging them out again when they are required.

Be it a needle and thread, cricket bat, electric mixer, spices, or lawn mower, every storables item has not only a place where it belongs but a place where it fits.

Each storage spot is arranged so that it is easy to see at a glance the item you are looking for.

The design of this house provides for storage walls, usually in hallways. They are handy to the appropriate areas without taking up space in the rooms themselves. Every inch of space is utilised.

Sliding closet doors are plywood panels that blend with the walls of the hall itself.

Two shallow medicine cabinets, for example, for extra bathroom supplies and sewing equipment are recessed in wall space that otherwise would be wasted.

In addition to the cupboard storage, almost every piece of

furniture provides an unexpected shelf or carefully compartmented interior.

Most young women these days have had some business training before marriage, and many run their homes with the efficiency they displayed in their business life.

The linen-closet illustrated on this page is as systematic as an office filing-cabinet.

Every inch of storage space has been carefully sized to fit specific items, from blankets and pillows down to small table-mats, so that nothing is wrinkled and mussed when it comes from this cupboard.

Note, in the picture at the bottom of this page, how the tablecloths hang uncreased from three removable bars.

This closet is handy to the dining-room and bedroom it serves; so that unnecessary steps are avoided.

Beautiful and business-like is the cabinet buffet, also shown below, which stands in the dining-room near the kitchen. It holds everything needed for table-setting and is within a few steps of the table itself. Here again spaces are sized for specific jobs: sliding trays for mats and table-



THE KITCHEN RANGE. A heavy investment in mechanical equipment and tape-measured storage cabinets makes the kitchen as inviting as a living-room.

built into tiles, and separate ovens are built into cabinets alongside. Overhead, a concealed ventilator whisks off steam and odors of cooking.

Drawers beneath the range top are sized to hold pots and pans, casserole dishes, baking tins, cooking spoons, forks, and ladles.

Even the electric clock set

the progress made in industry in food-preservation techniques.

What we can keep on hand now is almost the opposite of things stocked 20 years ago. The list of to-day's perishables is small and the list of foods that keep and which can be stored is staggering.

Fifty years ago, anything beyond flour, salt, sugar, etc., was not considered staple foods. Now anything you can keep on hand without spoiling is a staple. Only milk, eggs, and salads remain daily necessities which cannot be stored on a long-term basis at home.

Most homes these days think in terms of refrigeration. The deep freeze is still new to this country, but is gaining in popularity.

If the housewife has a wide variety of foods on hand, she is freer to change her mind from the hot roast Sunday, cold meat Monday schedule.

## House has no waste space

napkins, long drawers for cloths. When closed, the cabinet is an attractive piece of furniture, giving no hint of the amount of equipment stored "behind the scene."

In the kitchen, space under the range is used for storage. This section is illustrated in the picture at the top of this page, taken when the accordion wall was dividing dining-room and kitchen.

The four-unit range top is

above the stove is placed there with a purpose. The housewife timing her roast or cake has only to lift her eyes to see the time.

Heavy articles are stored within easy reach on revolving shelves.

Root vegetables are safe and accessible in ventilated, pull-out shelf-bins.

The modern housewife has learned to revise her ideas about food-buying because of



DINING-ROOM CABINET. There is no clutter when the dining-room table is cleared and table appointments are stored away in this cabinet.



LINEN CUPBOARD. Linens are compactly "filed" in this fitted linen cupboard. House-proud owners need not fear to open these doors with guests looking on.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 18, 1952

# Some of my patients

## DIABETICS MUST TAKE CARE "EVEN YOUR BEST FRIENDS . . ."

GEORGE LITTLE brought his father to see me to-day. The old man was limping and said he had a sore toe.

I knew this was a serious condition even before I had looked at the injury, as I have been treating him for diabetes for some years.

"What have you been doing to your toe?" I asked.

"I know you told me, doctor, to cut my toenails square, but I went a bit further and pulled out the ingrowing part, too.

"Now my toe is swollen and painful."

"Well, Mr. Little," I said, "your little adventure with the scissors will cost you a few days in bed. You must have penicillin injections until the inflammation has gone."

"Once more I must warn you to run no risks with your toes."

"Would you tell me, doctor, all the precautions Dad should take?" George asked. "I'll do my best to make him behave? At present he pooh-poohs all we say."

"Well, first, George," I said, "all diabetics have much less resistance to septic conditions than normal people, so your father must be careful of injuring his toes."

"He must cut his toenails only after soaking his feet in a hot bath for about 20 minutes."

"He must cut them straight across and not dig out the ingrowing part."

"He must not get round the house barefoot, and should wear shoes or strong slippers with a heel and be careful not to stub his toes."

"If his feet are flat, he should wear arch supports. All diabetics, men and women, should wear well-fitting, sensible shoes."

"Even a small abrasion in a diabetic is likely to lead to serious trouble."

"Well, thank you," George

By  
A DOCTOR

said. "I'll see that Dad goes to bed at once and stays there until you say he can get up."

"What about his insulin, doctor?"

"He may need more now, George, as the dosage is regulated for when he is well."

I arranged to see old Mr. Little the next day.

George took him home, and I have no doubt will enforce my instructions.

The term diabetes mellitus, or sugar diabetes, means the passing of sugar through the kidneys, but a study of the body chemistry in this condition reveals that one of the most important changes is the poor use of fats.

For some reason fat tends to be deposited on the inside lining of the arteries.

This leads to a poor blood supply to many organs, including the heart, and also to the limbs.

It is now known that after a person has been a diabetic for even four years the changes in the arteries have already caused a poor circulation to the limbs.

Just a knock or a stubbed toe, or an inflamed scratch, may cause a diabetic to lose a foot or a leg, or even his life.

Even minor sicknesses such as a cold should be carefully watched, not only because the sickness is much more drastic in a diabetic, but because the diabetes may become suddenly worse and give rise to the dreaded complication known as diabetic coma.

This complication used to be almost always fatal, and even now in the days of insulin still is often.

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living persons.

We regret our doctor cannot answer individual medical queries.

MOTHER would like you to give me an overhaul," young John Brown said to me to-day.

Having been forewarned by his mother, I was very tactful with this young man. I looked at his teeth, at his throat, and examined his heart and chest before saying to him:

"Do you notice your breath is not very good sometimes?"

"I have noticed a bad taste in my mouth sometimes," he said. "Do you notice anything wrong with my breath, doctor?"

"It is rather heavy," I said. "You have very fine teeth, and I see your tonsils have been removed, but I notice you have some mucus at the back of your throat and in your nose. Do you cough at all?"

"My left nostril gets blocked," John said. "I do notice I cough at night sometimes and have some discharge running down the back of my nose."

"I don't suffer from indigestion or constipation or any of those things."

"Contrary to the general idea, John," I said, "constipation is rarely the cause of a bad breath."

After examining him I told him that he was quite a healthy young man and that I felt that the trouble was in his sinuses, and, if so, I could clear up his bad breath.

"Now I shall confess," he said. "My breath was why I came to you. I have not noticed it myself and I suppose my best friend wouldn't tell me, as they say, but in the words of the song, 'A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother,' and she told me."

"You can always detect it yourself," I said, "without waiting for your mother to tell you. Hold your hand in front of your mouth and blow on it. You can smell your breath quite well after it hits your hand. Try that in future."

### THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

#### ACROSS

1. Burdensome passenger of unstained paper measure 28in. by 23in. (6, 8)

6. Zest hiding in a tag (6)

7. To put so, it may result, into an army detachment of guard (7)

9. Pick me up can bite or prick if turned (3)

10. Not above board except in some sport (9)

12. Disembodied Communist offer is discredit (6)

NOTICE BUILDING  
OAK  
ESTATE  
SEAT  
REFINED DIRECT  
M. J. Y.  
ENIGMA IMPERSE  
IN S. A. S.  
MAISON CAROLINE  
AD DOLLY  
CO. MARIN MAIN  
ADMIRAL AS  
MATADOR LOOSE  
solution to last week's crossword.

13. Thin rope, yes; she killed a terrorist (6)

16. Commo and the German insect is excessive (8)

18. Thus tea can tingle (3)

20. Remedy of a sort but it's certainly no holy spirit (7)

22. Use or inflame with passion (3)

23. Decline, die, and be buried or the missing Butler's novel (3, 2, 3, 5)

Solution will be published next week.

#### DOWN

1. Shake on an open railway truck (5)

2. It is in evidence in Europe (7)

3. Out in love, tango (8)

4. It's behind the stalls and its back may be used to back a horse (3)

5. Small a province in Italy (5)

6. A small, narrow, deep inlet (4)

8. When the day before yesterday was yesterday this was to-morrow (5)

11. This bird is a kalgurlo whose nest is disturbed (7)

12. Moral obstacle on a nobleman (5)

14. Aide mainly Diana's golf stroke (7)

15. Mount in Palestine, place of foundation of the White Friars (6)

17. Uninteresting, but is fairly good if you like it (7)

19. These bulb structures may break skin when escaping (5)

21. Back at a great distance they won the Battle of Britain (3)



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Tootal fans....  
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for mid-season

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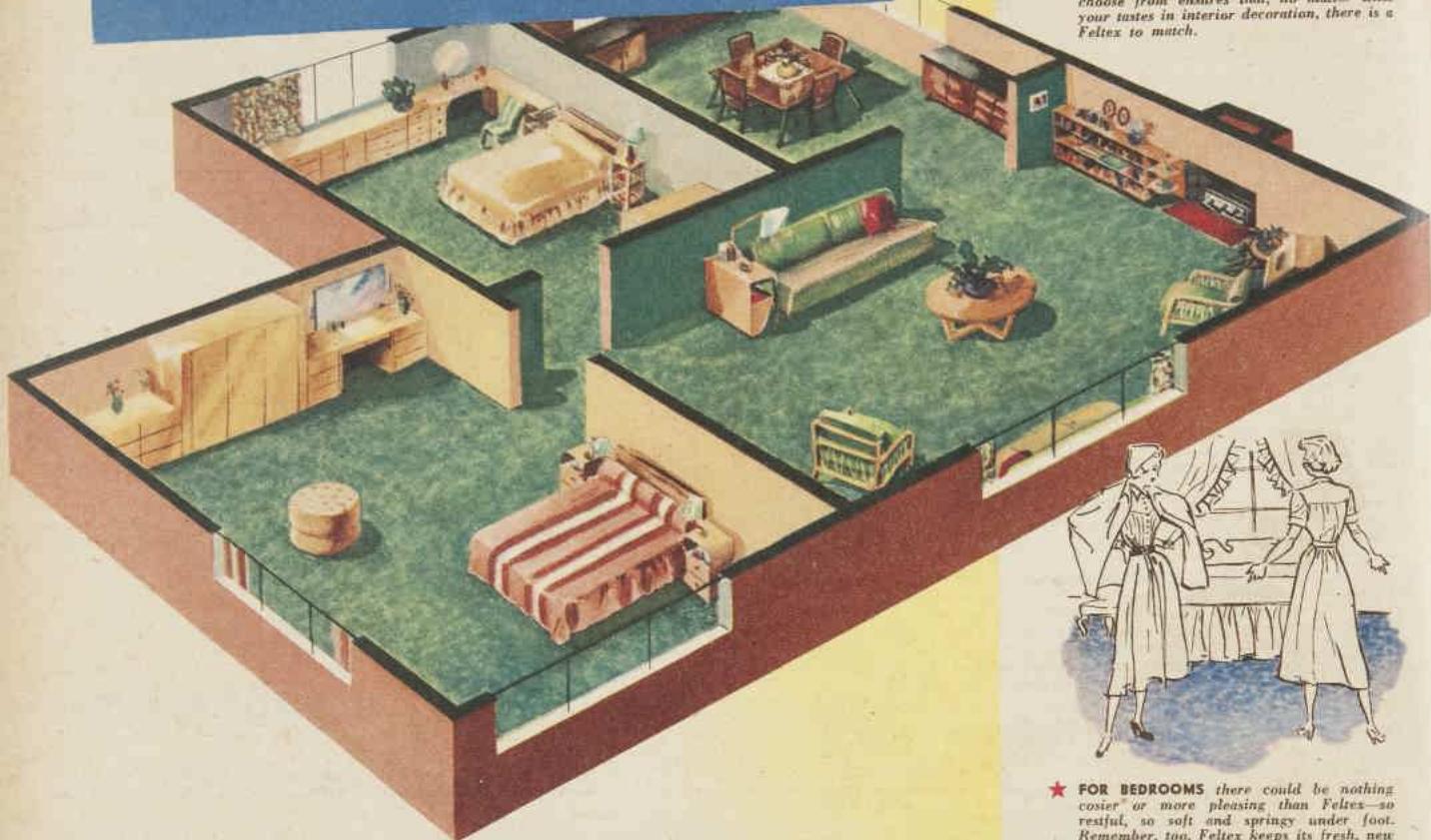
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—June 18, 1952



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★ FOR BEDROOMS there could be nothing cosier or more pleasing than Feltex—so restful, so soft and springy under foot. Remember, too, Feltex keeps its fresh, new look for years.



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"I'd always had a lot of colds in the winter and usually one really bad one. I almost used to wait for them to come. Last winter I tried a preventive treatment, to help stop the colds. I had heard about Anti-Bi-San, and although I didn't expect too much, I was delighted with the results. I can't complain this winter. Of course, I'm taking Anti-Bi-San again this year, for another winter's protection. Why don't you do the same?"

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18/6

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## Coward's Comeback

Continued from page 5

TAKING the letter, I read: "Dear Dirk, — Here is your chance to wipe the eye of every collector in the business. The bears of this Bob Larson, will show you skull and pictures of tusked antelope. And only he knows where it came from. I want a pair of them as quickly as you can get them. You and my daughter will bring the animals to New York by aeroplane. — Advise me by radiogram as soon as you have made the capture so that the newspapers can print stories of your progress. I would have cabled you of Larson's arrival, but I want the whole expedition kept secret until we have our specimens. Good luck and keep me posted."

I couldn't help grinning. The old man knew that if he cabled Dirk would have nothing to do with Bob. I also knew that no importer in the business would have given him a job if he didn't have something special. But tusked antelopes! We had all heard of them, but no one had seen any. It looked as if Bob had done a mighty good selling job on the old man.

Dirk hadn't said a word to Bob.

"I'm working for Hendricks now," said Bob. "So I'll ask you to fit me out, and Miss Hendricks and I will take it from there."

"D'you think I'd trust her in your care?" There was insult in every slow-paced word.

I saw Bob's fists clench and I moved closer; that crooked arm wouldn't be much good against Dirk Anderson. But Bob's grin came back and he stood there, taking it.

"You can come and see me to-morrow," Dirk said.

"You can stay in my quarters Bob," I offered.

"Thanks, doc."

Dirk eyed me coldly. "You don't care who you have around you, do you, doc?"

That evening Bob showed us the skull and a couple of faded snapshots. Even Dirk got a little excited. The beasts were about the size of water buck, but with wide, flat heads. The skull had four tusks just like those of a wart-hog. The pair in the lower jaw were longer, about one and a half inches, triangular, and edged like chisels.

"Where did you get this stuff?" Dirk wanted to know.

"From a French missionary I met in Coquillaville. A Fang brought the animal to him up in Northern Gabon." Bob stepped to a large-scale map of French Equatorial Africa on the wall. "It was killed in a swamp about a day to the east of Oyem." He pointed to the place, up near the Cameroon border and east of Spanish Guinea.

"I've been there," Dirk said. "We can get a launch up the

Campo River to Ekin. There's a trade road from there to Oyem. Okay, Larson, we'll start as soon as possible, before the rains."

We had to wait three weeks for a French coastal steamer and spent that time buying trade goods to pay native labor, overhauling traps, snares, nets, guns, medicines, and knock-down cages.

Libby was as excited as a kid on her first picnic; she'd never been in the Gabon hinterland. But it was to Bob that she went for her information, and Dirk watched them like a thundercloud. And every evening, after dinner, they went off without a word to us, and returned just before bedtime looking so pleased with themselves that it even made me jealous.

One night they went off down the hill holding hands like children. Dirk, cleaning his rifle, watched them go, and the look in his eyes wasn't good to see.

"How about going over to the canteen for a drink?" I suggested.

He looked at me, hesitated, and put down his rifle. He hadn't said much, and I was trying to find something to talk about when he halted as though he'd run into a tree. I looked ahead, and there were Libby and Bob. They didn't seem to be talking, but I saw their faces as they passed under a light. You could see they didn't need to talk!

"Look," I said desperately. "It's sticky down here. How about getting out the jeep and running up to the hill? It's cooler there—near the hospital."

I waited for that to sink in, but he said nothing; just watched Libby and Bob like a stalking leopard.

"Come on," I risked. "I haven't seen Katie Munroe for a month."

"So what?" His voice cut like sword grass.

I went wide-eyed on him. "I thought you and Katie were all set. You know—"

"So?"

It wasn't healthy, but I was started, and I thought I might as well finish. "Well," I stumbled on. "Katie's your kind; she speaks your language; near your own age, too."

"Why don't you mind your own business?" he said. Then he turned and walked into the darkness.

He began to ride Bob unmercifully. We had all our gear in order, but Dirk made him take it down, search for things we knew were in place, check and recheck until I thought Bob would take a poke at him. But the kid didn't seem to care; he just did what he was told and smiled at

Beauty in brief:

## STEPS TO BEAUTY

By CAROLYN EARLE

• Lots of people are so confined by habit that they think of walking only as a means of getting to and from a bus stop or the nearest shopping centre.

But a few turns around the block some time during the day or evening for the pure fun of it is a fine way of improving circulation and getting fresh air into your lungs; you might even walk into a better figure and complexion if you set about it with determination.

When you walk be sure to swing legs from the hips in easy strides; and swing arms from the shoulders without moving the shoulders themselves from side to side or up and down.

Train yourself to take longer, deeper breaths as you go. Walk, don't stroll.

Walking is not only for hardy, athletic types; if you are not sleeping well and daily outdoor exercise is just a memory, a brisk walk for ten or fifteen minutes before you turn in may be pleasantly relaxing.

Did you  
PROTEX  
yourself  
this morning?



I did: PROTEX  
is my  
favourite deodorant  
complexion soap —



I did: PROTEX  
gives me lots of lather  
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I did: Mummy  
said I should!

PROTEX is the family favourite because it's a fresh, clean deodorant complexion soap, medicated to guard against infection, yet gentle enough for a baby's delicate skin.

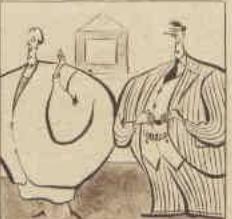


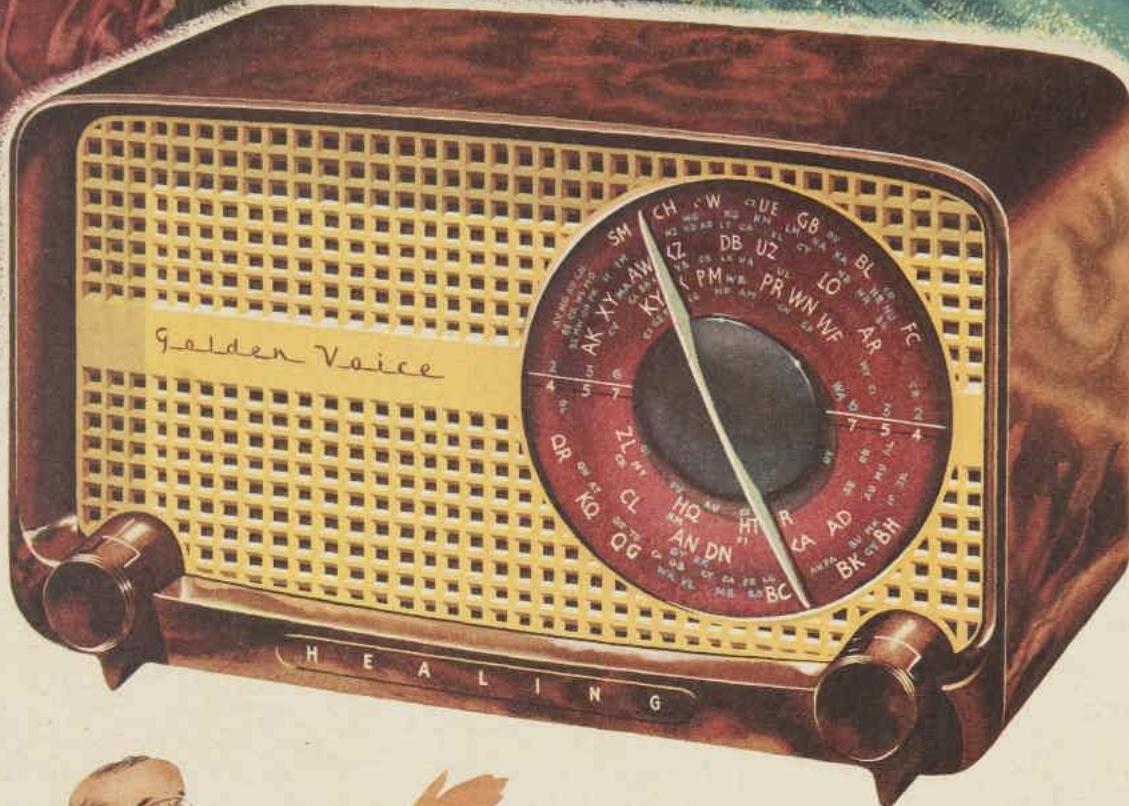
Please turn to page 35

By RUD

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY!

MY! MY! HOW YOU HAVE GROWN  
SODON! YOU'LL BE AS BIG AS MUMMY  
AND DADDY.





Ladies and Gentlemen—  
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# Early adventure in "Botany Bay"

★ There is romance, color, and action in Paramount's "Botany Bay," which tells the story of the founding of the first white settlement in New South Wales in 1788.

Made in Hollywood under the guidance of Australian film-maker John Farrow, "Botany Bay" is enacted by an international cast. Alan Ladd has the only American accent in the picture; Britain is represented by James Mason, Patricia Medina, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Murray Matheson and Brendan Toomey are both Australian-born.

Make-up is used to transform American negro actors into Australian aborigines for the film.



ARROGANT Captain Gilbert (James Mason), with pipe, refuses the request of American Hugh Tallant (Alan Ladd) to delay sailing in order that Tallant's pardon may arrive. Gilbert is the owner-master of the vessel Charlotte, which brings a shipload of men, women, and children from England to the New South Wales colony.



PRETTY brunette Sally Munroe (Patricia Medina), right, learns how to bake under primitive conditions. Transported to the settlement over the matter of the disputed ownership of a necklace, ex-actress Sally plays up to smitten Captain Gilbert and wins for herself more comfortable quarters than those of other women prisoners. Then she falls in love with American Hugh Tallant.



GOVERNOR ARTHUR PHILLIP (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), right, listens to charges laid against Hugh Tallant by Captain Gilbert at the end of a nine-months voyage of incredible hardship. A humane, fair-minded man, the Governor later offers Hugh a chance to return to England to inquire about the promised pardon, but he elects to marry Sally Munroe and settle in Australia.



ESCAPE of convicts planned by Hugh Tallant (Alan Ladd), right, is thwarted when the men are trapped in the bush by pursuers.

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to get the whitest whites



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Whitest!



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## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★ Storm Warning

WARNERS' story of how an innocent bystander becomes the victim of sinister Ku Klux Klan attentions in a terrified Southern community dominated by the Klan has moments of tension and stark realism.

Making a short stop-over in the town to visit her sister, Doris Day, and meet her new brother-in-law, Steve Cochran, model Ginger Rogers, hiding in a dark doorway, unwittingly sees a brutal Klan murder.

When the man behind the lethal gun turns out to be her sister's vicious husband, the unhappy witness is faced with several dilemmas. The natural impulse to protect her sister prevents Ginger from denouncing the culprit, although her refusal to do so ruins the case of crusading law officer Ronald Reagan.

The noisy courtroom battle from which jaunty Klansmen emerge victorious paves the

way to a knock-down-drag-out set-to between Miss Rogers and Steve Cochran and the eventual disbanding of the terror element.

In Sydney—Park.

### ★ I Want You

VETERAN Broadway star Robert Keith is responsible for some bright moments in Samuel Goldwyn's "I Want You."

The story behind "I Want You" takes place in 1950, and director Mark Robson sets out to show the impact of another service call-up on a typical American family.

A great deal of platitudinous chit-chat develops about the troubled state of the world.

Dorothy Maguire, playing the role of Dana Andrews' film wife, has a worrying time, and Peggy Dow comes into the picture as Farley Granger's bickering girl-friend.

In Sydney—Century.

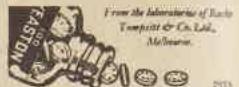
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—June 18, 1952



1 **PASSENGERS** on a train bound for Los Angeles, wealthy Lloyd Rollins (Vincent Price) persuades his wife, Linda (Jane Russell), to stop and sightsee in Las Vegas. Linda, who has a past in that city, is afraid it will catch up with her.



2 **DICE** table at their hotel attracts Rollins. Linda, wearing the diamond necklace, remonstrates when her husband loses heavily. He tells her to go and visit local friends.



3 **ENCOUNTER** with old beau Dave Andrews (Victor Mature) revives memories. Linda realises that she still loves Dave.

## THE LAS VEGAS STORY

A MAGNIFICENT diamond necklace, comprising 500 gems and worth about £75,000, was loaned to R.K.O. to be worn by Jane Russell in "The Las Vegas Story."

The screenplay features romance woven around a plot involving the theft of the necklace, and ultimately murder.

Action was filmed along the famous Las Vegas strip, with its multi-million-dollar luxury hotels and gambling casinos, as well as throughout the gaudily lighted downtown area of the city.

Musical interest is supplied by popular composer-actor Hoagy Carmichael.



4 **TROUBLE** flares when Rollins exceeds his gambling credit. Newcomer Tom Hubler (Brad Dexter), right, claims to be interested in the necklace insurance.



5 **MURDER** of night-club proprietor Clayton (Bob Wilke), who had lent Rollins money with Linda's necklace as security, results in Rollins' arrest on the strength of his violent row with Clayton about gems.



6 **INVESTIGATION** into the murder is held by the District Attorney (Paul Frees). Dave, assisting the sheriff, discovers that Rollins is innocent and that the murderer stole necklace when he killed Clayton.



7 **AT GUN-POINT**, Hubler, the real murderer, forces Linda to accompany him. Dave follows, and the chase culminates in a duel in which Dave kills Hubler, rescues Linda, and retrieves necklace. They return to town.



8 **REALISING** that she was the victim of Rollins' greatest fraud after the sheriff reveals that Rollins is wanted back East on other charges, Linda tells Dave she will stay in Las Vegas.



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Page 33

When the Caterpillar reads  
he knows he needs

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## DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● Ankle, near-ankle, and street are three new skirt lengths in formal evening fashion. I have suggested street-length for a reader who writes from the North. The design will probably suit other readers who want an evening style.

"I AM organiser of a ball and wondered if it would be correct to wear a short evening frock. My material is 7yds. of rose-colored silk georgette. I'd like a style that will make my bustine look fuller."

An evening dress cut with a street-length skirt plus a bare bodice is correct fashion for the ballroom. The design is illustrated right. It would look charming in silk georgette. The soft fullness over the bosom will be flattering to your figure. I suggest you wear long gloves either to match or contrast with the dress. They will add formality. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. The panel on this page will tell you how and where to order.

### Warm evenings

"WOULD you suggest a warm outfit to wear in the evenings to a social club? In the summer I wear a sun-frock and light sandals."

The winter equivalent to the sundress is a quilted velvet skirt in a vivid color, worn with



STREET-LENGTH evening  
dress in sizes 32in. to 38in.  
bust requires 6½yds. 36in.  
material. Pattern price,  
4/9.

a black sweater. Or you could reverse the idea and have the skirt black and the sweater colored.

### Summer wedding

"I AM having a summer wedding ceremony and would like a pastel gown."

You will be right in fashion if you decide to wear a pastel-colored wedding-gown. Both New York and Paris are featuring bridal dresses in blush-pink and a creamy beige. For the material I suggest silk net over matching satin. Have the dress made with above-elbow sleeves with a slightly off-the-shoulder bodice filled in with a net yoke and the bodice back buttoned. Have the skirt made very full, extending to a moderate train.

### Slimming stripes

"I AM writing for help with a maternity suit consisting of a loose-fitting jacket and a wrapover skirt. My material is finely striped wool."

Have two front panels in the jacket with horizontal stripes, and the stripes used vertically for the sides, sleeves, and for the skirt.

### DRESS SENSE PATTERNS

WHEN ordering a paper pattern for the design illustrated, address letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4028, G.P.O., Sydney.

Enclose the illustration of the design and the cost of pattern, 4/9.

Be sure to give full address, including the State you live in, and also supply size.

I will be glad to advise you in my column on any fashion problem.

## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut  
out ready to make.

"FIONA." Winter nightgown obtainable in floral flannelette. The design is printed on blue, lemon, green, pink, and white grounds.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 49/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 52/9.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 34/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 37/6. Postage and registration, 3/6 extra.

"ELSPETH." A smart coat-dress designed to be worn as a coat or a dress. The material is wool gabardine obtainable in grey or beige.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. to 34in. bust, £8/7/6; 36in., 38in., and 40in. bust, £8/9/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, £5/19/9; 36in., 38in., and 40in. bust, £6/2/3. Postage and registration, 4/6 extra.

● NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send too address given on page 39.



# As I read the Stars

By EVE HILLIARD

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): You may be the subject of gossip or speculation among friends on June 15. Just keep going until June 17, when explanations may be in order and received well.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): Obey that impulse, listen to a wild-cat scheme on June 14, and get set for a peck of trouble. June 17 has a far more exhilarating proposition to offer all Taurians.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): Stub your toe in the dark on June 14 or 15 and reactions will be painful. You should see daylight on June 18, with personal relationships happier all round.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): If everything goes wrong on June 14, if health or finances are under a cloud, dig out the remedy for yourself and rediscover the joy of living on June 19.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): Lions with a knotty problem may find the first part of the week tough, but June 16 offers an ingenious solution. You'll get results if you turn on the well-known Leo charm on June 17 and 18.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 22): Until June 17, when good news may break like a ray of sunshine over you, mark time patiently. Let tact be your slogan and discretion your password.

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): Wishful thinking on June 17 may be pleasant, but it won't take you places. Get down to brass tacks and consult those who know on June 20.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): Friction on June 15 may throw a spanner in the works, with disappointment to plans on June 17. Out-general the other fellow on June 20.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): Forces below the surface are in your favor, so hard work on your part will make you a winner this week.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): With your mind set on tasks to be done, you may find June 14 and 15 a waste of time. A full week leads up to a wonderful June 20, with thrills galore.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): Recreation, unlooked-for good news, or a wish falling in your lap may make June 14 a regular cocktail, June 18 again for luck.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): Down in the dumps on June 16? Everybody has moments like that. The contrast will merely enhance pleasure and happiness for many on June 20.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.)

BOB halted at the sight of us and tried to grin. The Fang stared, open-mouthed. He stood there, sweat pouring off him. Then his face darkened; he looked at us, dropped his head quickly, and walked into the tent. Dirk watched him go. Then he spat on the ground. The look on his face as he reached for his drink was not good to see.

Bob didn't come out to supper. When I turned in he was lying on his cot. I wanted to say something offhand to ease the tension. But what can you say to a man who knows you've seen him show yellow?

Before dawn we started into the swamp with a couple of Fang. It was no easy mission; we didn't know what tracks to look for and there were many antelope in the swamp. All we could do was hope to see them, rig nets and try to drive them. Dirk said nothing to Bob, but he watched him and waited.

Day after day we searched the swamp. We caught a python and a pair of young chimps. But we saw nothing of the tuskers. Evenings we sat about the watch fire. And every time we heard anything in the darkness Bob would look down at his hands and Dirk would watch him like a hanging judge.

Then, one morning, we got a break. There was a boggy island surrounded by a sand-bed stream.

Tracks showed that antelope had crossed the stream at the south end of the island. So we posted our Fang with breast-high nets at the north end. We watched for a couple of

## Coward's Comeback

Continued from page 29

days, but nothing showed. The third day Dirk stayed in camp and Bob and I went to scout the island.

We sat through the heat of the day, and when the forest woke up we heard movement in the swamp. There was a cloud of butterflies dancing over a sunny pool and they suddenly disappeared.

Then we saw a doe standing in the stream. She was darker than most antelope, but without markings as far as we could see. Her head was the queerest thing I'd ever looked at; broad and flat, with a long lip like that of a moose, but smaller; she couldn't have stood more than three feet at the shoulder. Then we saw another doe.

They crossed to the island, and then the buck came out. He had tiny straight points, like a duiker. I saw him sulk, and then strip off a sliver of bark from a tree as neat as a plane. We watched them graze across the island and closed in behind them.

Bob nodded at me and I fired in the air. Monkeys fled screeching through the trees; white birds rose from the swamp like blown paper, and something heavy smashed away through the mangroves.

But the boys had surrounded the buck and a doe with their nets. We rushed in with blankets to smother their sharp hoofs. The Fang were yelling with glee; they knew that the capture meant extra pay for them. Bob and I felt pretty good, too, and we marched

back to camp feeling mighty pleased with ourselves.

Dirk didn't say much about them, though they represented one of the most important finds in our time; he seemed to have something else on his mind. Bob looked better than he had for days. We were talking about getting out our specimens as quickly as possible.

"Plenty of time," Dirk said.

That surprised me until I saw the way he was eyeing Bob. Bob's face went warty. Dirk went on, watching him like a snake. "I took a look around while you were in the swamp. Got to wondering why that gorilla was hanging around. He's got his family about five miles from here. There's a young one we can pick up."

I didn't care to look at Bob. I knew his face was putty-white and that he was remembering the Congo, the charge-

ing gorilla, and a dead boy.

And I knew that Dirk Anderson had been waiting for this moment.

"How about it, Larson?" he said softly.

Bob drew a deep breath. "When do we start?" he said quietly.

"To-morrow," Dirk said, grinning like a cat. "Sleep tight!"

Next morning Dirk called the Fang to give them orders. They struck! No, sir! They weren't going after gorillas. Didn't the white man know that gorillas are devils? We knew that if we insisted they'd melt into the bush like ghosts.

"Tell your sisters," Dirk insulted the headman, "that they may stay to pack camp. We three will take this night."

He looked straight at Bob. "Anyway we'll have no natives killed this trip."

Please turn to page 41

## OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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# Maxam Cheese Crust Apple Pie



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**MAXAM BAKEO**

You *MUST* try this delicious American-style Maxam Cheese Crust Apple Pie! So rich — so different — such a success with the men of the family, young and old! Here are the full directions:

**INGREDIENTS** — **PASTRY** — 2 cups Bakeo, barely half cup cold water, 1 cup grated Maxam Cheese. **FILLING** — 1 lb. cooking apples, 1 tablespoon flour, half to three-quarters cup sugar (according to tartness of apples), half teaspoon Cinnamon, quarter teaspoon grated nutmeg, half teaspoon grated lemon rind.

**METHOD** — Mix Bakeo and water to fairly stiff dough. Roll out about quarter-inch thick on floured board and cover with grated Maxam Cheese. Fold sides, top and bottom into middle and roll out. Line pie dish with one half of pastry rolled to about one-eighth inch thick. Slice apples thinly; put in a basin with all other filling ingredients and toss well together. Pack

into lined pie dish, piling a little in middle (2 tablespoons of butter dotted over apples greatly improves the flavour). Roll out remaining pastry and cover pie. Trim pastry with scissors, one inch beyond rim and double under bottom crust to seal in juices. Crimp rim with your fingers. Cut slits in top to let steam escape while baking. Glaze over with a little milk (or beaten egg). Put pie in hot oven, lowering heat to moderate when pastry rim sets and begins to tint (about 10 mins.). Pie will take 50-60 mins. altogether. If it browns too much towards end, cover with folded sheet of brown paper.



Use only Maxam Bakeo and Maxam packet cheese for this recipe. — don't risk failure.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 18, 1952

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## Prize recipes



A VARIATION of serving curried fish in tomato cases—slice tomatoes and line a greased ovenproof dish. Fill with curried fish mixture. Reheat in oven, top with chopped parsley, garnish with parsley sprigs.

● Crisp biscuits, a delicious cake, and a fish luncheon dish win prizes this week in our readers' recipe contest.

### BLACKBERRY SUSANS

Half cup shortening,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup crushed cornflakes, blackberry jam.

Cream shortening and sugar. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, add alternately with water and vanilla. Fold in crushed cornflakes, place in refrigerator or ice-chest  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Roll thinly on floured board. Cut into rounds with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. to 2 in. cutter. Remove small circle from centre of half the rounds, making rings. Place  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon jam on each complete round, top each with a ring. Press down lightly with a fork. Bake on greased trays in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Kiddle, Rural Delivery 2, Whakatane, N.Z.

### RUSSIAN WALNUT CAKE

Four ounces shortening, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2 or 3oz. walnuts, 2 or 3oz. crystallised ginger, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon mixed spice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk.

Soak ginger a few minutes in warm water to remove sugar. Drain. Cream shortening and sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift flour, salt, and spice three times, fold in alternately with milk. Lastly fold in chopped walnuts (reserve a few for decoration) and chopped ginger.

Fill into greased 8in. recess-tin or cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Stand a few minutes before cooling on cake-cooler. Fill recess with mock cream; top with walnuts.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. Davies, P.O., Coopershook 1C, N.S.W.

### CURRIED FISH IN TOMATO CASES

Six tomatoes, salt and pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons shortening, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon curry powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 cup milk, 2 cups flaked cooked fish (fresh, smoked, or tinned), lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon melted shortening.

Wash and dry tomatoes. Cut a slice from top, scoop out pulp, invert to drain. Melt

## BASIC RECIPE No. 7

THIS is the seventh of a series of basic recipes which are being published. Cut them out as they appear and paste them into your recipe book for easy reference.

### FRICASSE OR WHITE STEW

To 1lb. meat (chump, leg, neck, or veal chops; tripe; brains; rabbit; poultry) allow 1 pint water, 1 onion, 2 teaspoons salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Variations: Add diced celery, carrots, or peeled tomatoes, allowing only sufficient time for cooking.

Add curry powder, raisins, grated apple, and lemon juice.

Top with tiny, well-seasoned suet dumplings, lifting these on to a hot dish while stew is thickened before serving.

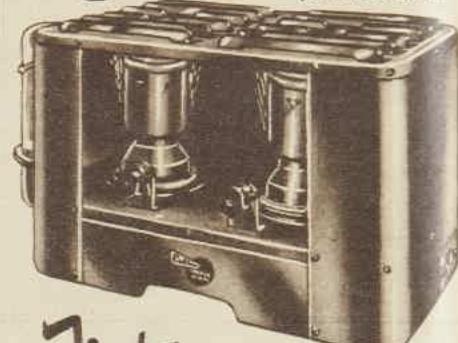


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KEROSENE OPERATED  
HOME COOKER

Power restrictions will come and go but the "Cotton" Cooker Deluxe is always ready to perfectly cook a complete meal any time anywhere! With its beautiful appearance and baked on enamel finish it will take pride and place in your kitchen. The slightest turn of the wick gives instant flame adjustment thus producing a fine range of temperatures from high to low. With no pressure and no pumping you can cook in complete confidence. It's quick, clean, odourless, economical and cool to work over. Ideal for holiday shack. An essential appliance for your home.

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A must for  
country kitchens!

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Smash them now with HEENZO Family Remedy. HEENZO gives instant relief. Knock the cold in seconds. Save your YORK CASH MAKE ONE WHOLE PINT for 3/- Thousands of mothers are saving pounds by adding a few drops of 1/2 oz. bottle of HEENZO Concentrate, making one whole pint of the finest cough remedy. Don't suffer another day. See your chemist or use our service for free advice.

**HEENZO**  
For Coughs and Colds

**GOOD  
FOR YOU**

**Meadow-lea**

**TABLE MARGARINE**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 18, 1952

# Fashion PATTERNS

F6912

F6913



254



255



257



## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 253.—SUPPER-CLOTH, TEA-COSY, AND SERVIETTES

Clearly traced ready to embroider on heavy cream linen. The cloth measures 36in. x 36in., the serviettes 11in. x 11in., and the tea-cosy 13in. x 10in. Price, cloth, 16/11. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra. Tea-cosy, 5/9. Postage and registration, 9d. extra. Serviettes, 1/3 each. Postage and registration, 3d. extra each. Also obtainable in white linen with the cloth in a larger size, 54in. x 54in. Price, cloth, 37/11. Postage and registration, 1/10 extra. Tea-cosy, 5/9. Postage and registration, 9d. extra. Serviettes, 1/3 each. Postage and registration, 3d. extra each.

### No. 254.—SMALL GIRL'S NIGHT-GOWN

A lace-trimmed style designed with long cuffed sleeves is obtainable, cut out ready to make. The material is winceyette, the color choice includes white, pale pink, and blue grounds printed with a floral pattern. Lace is supplied. Sizes, 29in. for 2yrs., 13/11; 31in. for 3yrs., 15/3; 33in. for 4yrs., 16/-. 37in. for 5yrs., 17/3. Postage and registration, 1/10 extra.

### No. 256.—WAIST-TIE APRON

An attractive style obtainable cut out ready to make in floral summer-breeze cotton in blue, red, and aqua, all printed on a white ground. Size, medium. Price, 8/11. Postage and registration, 10d. extra.

No. 255.—THROWOVER  
The throwover is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on lemon, sky-blue, green, pink, and white organdie. Size 36in. x 36in. The lace edging is not supplied. Price, 8/3. Postage and registration, 9d. extra.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—June 18, 1952

### PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F6914.—Beginners' pattern for lace-trimmed scanties. Sizes 24½in. to 32in. waist measurement. Requires 1yd. 36in. material, 1-8th yd. 29in. lace, and 3yds. 4in. lace edging. Special price, 2/-.

F6912.—Button-up coat-dress has bow finish at neckline. Sizes 32in., 34in., 36in., 38in., 40in., and 42in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material for sizes 32in., 34in., and 36in. bust, and 4yds. 54in. material for sizes 38in., 40in., and 42in. bust. Price, 3/6.

F6916.—Small girl's party frock with lace trim. Sizes 20in., 22in., 27in., and 31in. lengths, for 4, 6, 8, and 10yrs. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material or 2½yds. 36in. material, plus 1yd. 27in. lace and 1½yds. 4in. lace edging. Price, 2/6.

• Fashion Patterns may be obtained from the following address: Fashions Patterns Pty. Ltd., 845 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 666, G.P.O., Sydney 2, 2212). All correspondence should address orders to Box 86-D, G.P.O., Hobart, New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

F6914



F6737

### No. 257.—WAIST-TIE APRON

The apron is prettily styled ready to make in a zigzag-striped dimity cotton with a white organdie border. The color choice includes blue, green, and pink, all printed on a white ground. Size, medium. Price, 10/3. Postage and registration, 9d. extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 8/11 sent by registered post. Send orders for Needlework Notions (note prices) to address given on this page.

## STEALS THE SCENE!



# Velveeta

## KRAFT'S NEW CHEESE FOOD

### S-P-R-E-A-D-S like butter\*

— and you don't NEED butter!

When you taste Velveeta you'll say—"It's a new kind of flavour!" And Velveeta S-P-R-E-A-D-S like butter, yet slices firmly. Spread Velveeta straight onto bread, toast or biscuits for delicious sandwiches, savouries and snacks. No butter needed at all!

\* at similar degrees of temperature.

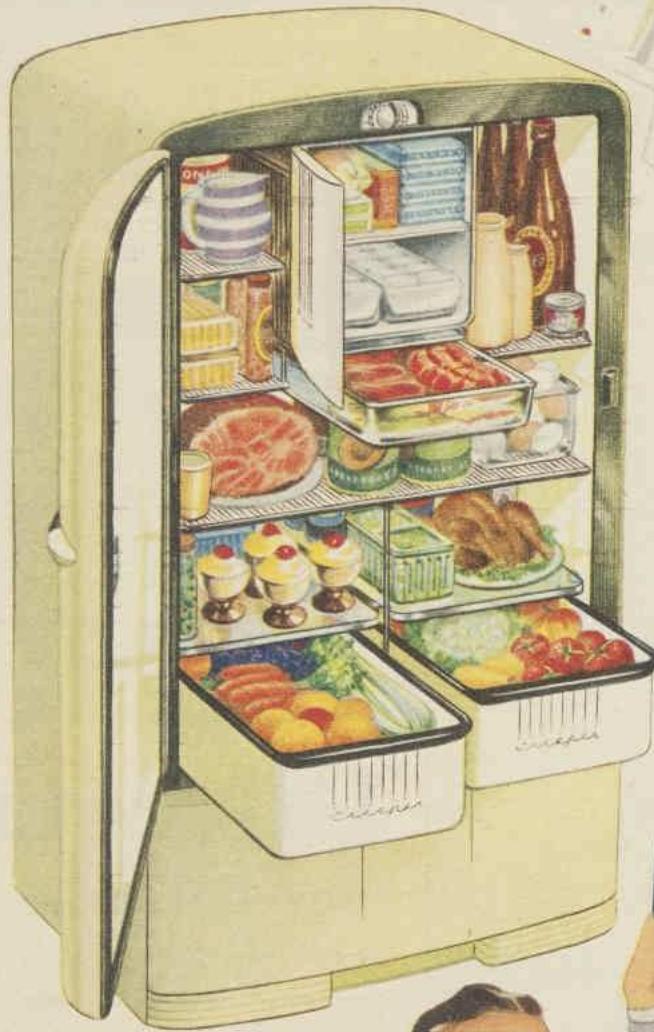


Look for the YELLOW packet.

V112

Page 39

put  
**Kelvinator**  
 in your plan for  
 "happy ever after"



A prime ingredient in domestic bliss is complete satisfaction with those household goods you mean to live with for many years to come. So Kelvinator is a "must"! Kelvinator is engineered to give absolute dependability, year in, year out, through the hottest of summers and the heaviest demands on its capacity. A refrigerator is a major home purchase. Consider carefully what you require of it in performance, in convenience and in long-life reliability . . . and remember that Kelvinator has the greatest experience in assessing all that you need at the lowest cost commensurate with the best in materials and workmanship. Kelvinator owners never regret their choice—in fact, the longer they own one, the more they are satisfied! THERE'S A KELVINATOR FOR YOUR HOME, WITH PRICES AND TERMS TO SUIT YOUR BUDGET.

**EXCLUSIVE TO KELVINATOR**  
**THE POLARSHERE**  
**SEALED UNIT**

Refrigeration equal to half a ton of ice weekly . . . enough power to keep 5 ordinary refrigerators cold . . . needs no oiling, no attention for life . . . and operates for only a few pence weekly!



Because IT'S BUILT FOR  
 LIFELONG DEPENDABILITY-

**Kelvinator**  
 is Best!

Choose from three  
 Beautiful Models!

\* N.S.W.—Sydney Retailers: Farmer & Co. Ltd.; Grace Bros. Pty. Ltd.; Anthony Horner & Sons Ltd.; E. F. Wilks & Co. Pty. Ltd. Wholesale Distributors: Peerless Refrigeration Aust. Pty. Ltd. \* VIC.—Melbourne Retailers: M. Brash & Co. Pty. Ltd.; A. H. Gibson (Elect.) Co. Pty. Ltd.; Myer Emporium Ltd.; Veal's Electrical & Radio Pty. Ltd. Wholesale Distributors: Kelvinator Australia Limited. \* QLD.—Brisbane Retailers: G. J. Grice Ltd.; McWhirters Ltd. Wholesale Distributors: Willers & Co. Pty. Ltd. Cairns Distributors: E. Markham. \* S.A.—Adelaide Retailers: Soverys Ltd.; John Martin & Co. Ltd. Wholesale Distributors: Radio Electric Wholesalers Ltd. Broken Hill Distributors: Barrier Electrical Appliances Ltd. \* W.A.—Perth Retailers: Boans Ltd.; Fay & Gibson (W.A.) Ltd.; Nicholsons Ltd. Wholesale Distributors: Western Appliances Ltd. c/o Nicholsons Ltd. \* TAS.—Max Geeves Pty. Ltd.

## Coward's Comeback

Continued from page 35

chest, and putting him on the tree trunk, spanking his bottom to make him climb. He cheered, his big head rolling as she fussed. Then the male must have heard something. He bounded high, teeth gleaming, searching for us. Dirk fired. There was a mighty scream, and we heard him thrashing in the undergrowth. The female raced off.

"Get him!" Dirk yelled. Bob rushed forward. The male was still kicking. I fired into his head, and we grabbed the baby, still clinging to the tree, and yipping like a scared puppy. Bob got it down. It wrapped its long arms about him and we got out of there. Bob went ahead, stroking the youngster. Dirk and I followed, watching the bush behind us. We got back to camp, and the Fang yelled relief at our arrival. And then we heard the female screaming her rage and grief over her dead mate.

I examined the youngster. His black face was soft and wrinkled, and like that of a sad old man. His eyes were still a watery grey, and his hair was silky.

"Too young," I said. "He's not even weaned yet."

"Nuts," Dirk said. "We'll get a native woman to nurse him. He'll be worth five thousand dollars in New York."

The Fang wouldn't come near the baby and it yelled every time Bob tried to put it down. We gave it a rag, soaked in canned milk. It sucked down thick bush with an enraged gorilla after us.

We loaded fifteen Fang with our gear and they shot off like dogs. They weren't trekking with a gorilla in the party.

The youngster was getting weaker, but he cried pitifully when we tried to get him away from Bob. So the three of us took off; Bob in the middle, our rifles ahead and behind him.

Around noon, we heard the angry barking of the mother gorilla. I don't think Dirk was thinking about Bob then; all he wanted was to get that baby to the Bulu country, where, maybe, they weren't afraid of gorillas. But I had my doubts. For the baby refused everything; wasn't even holding on to Bob any more. And Bob marched like something on strings, his eyes jerking every time that gorilla roared.

During the afternoon we heard her close, calling softly; little, inquiring barks. Dirk fired in the direction of the sounds. She screamed and retreated. He emptied his magazine after her and walked after us, reloading frantically.

About dusk we halted in a village; the boys were far ahead. The villagers would have nothing to do with us. The little gorilla wouldn't even

a minute and then quit, shivering.

We were five miles from Oyem when we heard the mother screeching after us.

We got in all right, and Libby and Bob fussed over the youngster like a couple over their first-born. Dirk looked on with something like hatred in his eyes.

I was busy checking our specimens. The taskers had settled down like tame things. But all Raffaeli's roars and bribes couldn't get a woman to nurse the baby gorilla. I fixed up a feeding bottle; it wouldn't take it, so I had to force soft cereal down its throat. That didn't stay down, so we decided to get out of there.

We struck camp, loaded carriers and sent them off under headmen to Ekin. Our personal stuff and the taskers we put on the jeep with Libby, telling her to send it back for us. She wanted to take the baby gorilla. But the mother was still ranging the bush and we decided not to risk it.

That night a drum message came to say the jeep had broken down. That meant we had to walk for two days through thick bush with an enraged gorilla after us.

We loaded fifteen Fang with our gear and they shot off like dogs. They weren't trekking with a gorilla in the party. The youngster was getting weaker, but he cried pitifully when we tried to get him away from Bob. So the three of us took off; Bob in the middle, our rifles ahead and behind him.

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ANNABELLE



"I don't know WHO he is, or WHAT he wants, but he's an absolute scream!"



"Butch, alias Bill Smith, alias John Jones . . . This kills me, alias Preston W. Forsyth."

and the taskers!"

I stared, for Dirk was wearing the first smile I'd seen since Bob joined us. It wasn't much of a smile, but it took all that craggy bitterness from his face.

"I'm recommending that the old man give you that New York job," he went on. "You're too darned soft-hearted for collecting. Besides, it's no job for a married man." He yawned widely. "Let's get some sleep; early start in the morning."

The brute rumbled. Straight at him, quick as a flash and as silent. My finger was squeezing the trigger when I saw her swerve. She scooped up the baby and shot into the bush so quickly that we couldn't have fired even if we had been able. We heard the diminishing crackle of the undergrowth as she raced off with her baby.

Bob turned and walked back to us. The strain was gone from his face; there was even a smile on his bitten lips. He had a look, somehow, of power. He faced Dirk, knocking his hips.

"I've lost your specimen for you," he said. "But I won't want for you to fire me. I quit." His arms swung free. "And Libby's coming with me!"

"You don't quit," Dirk told him. "When we finish this trip you're fired. You can go home in the plane with Libby

and the taskers!"

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Who could sleep? We were off before dawn and in Ekin by next afternoon. I got Dirk in a corner as soon as Bob had

disappeared with Libby.

"You don't give me much credit," he growled. "I knew the kid had come out again to look for something he thought he'd lost down in the Congo. But I couldn't let Libby have him till I was sure he'd squared himself. Anyway, I like my job in Freedown." He grinned at me. "I may settle there."

When I looked at the cable

he gave me to send off to Katie Mumroe, when I got

down to Campo with the kids, I guessed maybe he would.

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## PAIN goes quicker with DISPRIN



"Disprin" brings you faster, more sure relief from pain because it enters your stomach as a true solution which is rapidly absorbed by the blood stream. Ordinary aspirin or A.P.C. enters the stomach as undissolved particles and therefore cannot act as fast as Disprin.

Disprin is sold only by chemists, in packages of 100, 250 and the handy 3 tablet handbag or pocket pack.

### MAKE THIS TEST

Drop a Disprin tablet and ordinary aspirin or A.P.C. into separate glasses of water. See how ordinary aspirin or A.P.C. merely breaks up; see, by contrast, what happens to Disprin. They behave differently in water; they behave differently in your stomach.

## DISPRIN (ASPRIN)

THE New Soluble ASPIRIN

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 18, 1952

### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff.

by TIM



"Having trouble with your teeth?"

Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders are wonderfully soothing at teething time. They ensure regular, easy motions, cool the blood and are absolutely safe. Try them next time baby is fussy through teething. THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY SAFE AND DO NOT CONTAIN CALOMEL OR MERCURY COMPOUNDS.

## ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS



Page 41

# Bournville Cocoa -I love it!



"I treat myself to a cup  
every morning and every night"

First thing in the morning a cup of delicious Bournville Cocoa sets you up for the day . . . and at night it soothes the nerves and helps you off to a sound, sound sleep. Everyone loves Bournville Cocoa because it tastes so good. It's economical, too. 120 cups of delicious full strength cocoa in every pound. And remember — Bournville makes a delicious flavouring for cakes and sweets.



...the cocoa with the real chocolaty flavour!

## PERRY MASON

• Famous lawyer Perry Mason, his secretary, Della, and private detective Paul Drake have taken the case of Tommy Hadley, whom police think murdered his foster-father, Pops O'Lean. They suspect Chappie Colefax, who is engaged to Tommy's sister Cricket. He is racing with Cricket in a car to the State line to marry her and prevent her from testifying against him. Paul has the licence of the car.



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To make the best and most fragrant **QUICKSET** Lotion at home—

(1) Get a tube of the new concentrated **CURLYSET** from your nearest chemist or cosmetic counter.

(2) Take a pint milk bottle, nearly full of warm water.

(3) Add the concentrated new **CURLYSET** into it, and shake till dissolved.

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Concentrated **New CURLYSET** is-day for 4/4 from your chemist or cosmetic counter, and save £££'s in your budget from now on.

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## ALWAYS ON THE BEAM



John Booker has to be on the beam—he's Acting Leading Signalman of Pile Light, the important beacon at the mouth of the Brisbane River, Queensland. "The worse the weather, the wider awake I've got to be," says John. "But a long watch leaves me mighty cold. That's when a big hot cup of Bonox pulls me through. Helps me stick at it—guards against 'flu.' Whatever your job—whether you work indoors or out—get the Bonox

habit this winter. A steaming cup of delicious Bonox pours new strength straight into your bloodstream—helps keep your head above the 'flu' line. Bonox is the concentrated goodness of rich, prime beef—plus pep-tones to pep up your appetite. Cafeterias serve hot Bonox—so at home, and at work, enjoy cheery, beneficial Bonox for a 1-l-f-t! Made by Kraft in economical 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz. and 28 oz. bottles.

KR24

**SARAH** looked at Aunt Florence with raised brows. Aunt Florence had the grace to twinkle.

"All right, then, I'm inquisitive, too. That family's been next door for two years and all I can discover is that Venetia's money bought the house, and, apparently, marrying Oliver, she took on that dreadful old mother and Eliot and his wife and child as well."

"Oliver married her for her money?" Sarah inquired.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. She has looks and she's a perfectly nice person."

"And Jennie's mother?" said Sarah. "Why did she die?" As she spoke she experienced again that queer sensation of shock that she had had in the garden when Jennie had spoken of her mother's death.

"Oh, that was simple enough. Childbirth."

"Women don't die of that nowadays," Sarah said sharply.

"My dear, there are exceptions."

"They shouldn't," Sarah muttered. She couldn't understand her rejection of the fact that childbirth had been the cause of Jennie's mother's death.

"Well, this one did. The baby, too. I expect that's why the brothers live together, so Venetia can look after Jennie."

"Jennie's unhappy," Sarah said.

"I've always suspected that, but it's nothing to do with us." "She plays with her dolls too much."

"I know she does. It isn't healthy. Perhaps when the brother comes he'll do something."

"I wonder why they don't want him to come," Sarah speculated.

"Eavesdropping is a most undignified habit, Sarah," Aunt Florence said reprovingly. "My only regret is that my own hearing isn't acute enough. What else did you hear?"

"I heard Oliver and Eliot quarrelling. Or they would have been if Oliver would play."

"Poor man," said Aunt Florence sympathetically. "I think he has quite a time with that brother. Neurotic, I should say.

## Voice of a Dove

Continued from page 7

She felt as if a chapter of a story were going on from which she was excluded.

The next morning Aunt Florence, without a word, put the morning paper in front of her. An insertion in the situations vacant column had been heavily outlined with pencil. It was an advertisement for a governess for a delicate child, and the address at which applications were to be made was that of the house next door.

"Why, darling, you're getting positively modern."

"Oh, I keep up-to-date with your jargon. You use different words and think your intuition is amazing, but we knew those things in my day, too. Well, why don't they want Tim to come?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. I must admit I'm intrigued."

"You should be more intrigued with your own future, not with the folks next door." Well, why don't they want Tim to come?"

"Sarah's eyes sparkled. She stretched her long legs and studied them with interest.

"Aunt Florence, does that extra couple of inches really put me out of the marriage market?"

"The odds are against you. The men tall women marry are usually quite nondescripts. I hope you have too much character to choose one of those. And don't call it a market. It's much more a tenancy agreement these days."

Sarah threw back her head and laughed with enjoyment.

"Dear, darling Aunt, what are you doing with a patchwork quilt over your knees? If you ask me, you're a wolf in sheep's clothing."

"Dear, try not to laugh quite so heartily. A pretty, soft laugh is always so much in a girl's favor."

"But we've ruled out the marriage market, Aunt Florence, so my quilt can be completely uninhibited. No, I forgot. I guess it wouldn't be too becoming for my new profession."

"Sarah!"

"Yes, Aunt Florence?"

"You're planning to be a governess!"

"How right you are."

"But, dear child, are you suited—I mean, such a cramping profession to a person with your love of freedom?"

"This particular job won't be cramping. At least, I have a hunch it won't."

"I may be crazy," she went on, "but I've got to get into that house next door. I've got to find out about Jennie. You said there was nothing we could do, but you see there is. They want a governess for Jennie, and I'm going to get the job if it's the last thing I do."

"But, Sarah! A governess! I hardly think it's the kind of thing your father would have approved of for you, even if you can remember your seven times table, which I doubt."

"So do I, but I know all my wildflowers. And as for Daddy not approving, he would have stood for a child's unhappiness. You see, we're the only people who know about that, so it's up to us to do something."

"This Tim," Aunt Florence said uneasily. "He'll fix things."

"An explorer? He probably hasn't even seen any children for ten years, much less diagnosed their state of mind. I place no faith whatever in the great Uncle Tim. Eliot will probably find an excuse to get rid of him in a couple of days."

Aunt Florence produced her last defence. "They mightn't have you."

"They'll have me," Sarah said definitely.

It rained hard for the next two days, and the garden next door was silent.

On the evening of the second day Tim arrived. She knew that by watching from Aunt Florence's bedroom window and catching a glimpse of a taxi driving away, then seeing the wet and rather battered hat of a tall man going up the steps to the front door.

"But I thought—the maid said—"

"The servants in this house talk too much. They get away with everything but murder. Yes, there was another candidate, but she obviously had adenoids. One thing I couldn't tolerate is Jennie speaking with a superfluity of 'b's. How old are you?"

He caught Sarah's expression and his mouth curved upwards in an amiable grin. "Is that a question one doesn't ask? Skip it then, and tell me where your last position was."

"I'm twenty-five," Sarah answered composedly, "and I haven't had a previous position. I've never governed before. But my father was a professor of languages and the address has been quite complete."

"Tell me, then, what made you apply for this job?"

"I have to work during the winter."

Oliver nodded as if he understood perfectly. "Ah! You're not the hibernating kind."

Sarah laughed. "What I mean is, I paint during the summer. I get commissions to do wildflowers. But they don't bloom in the winter."

"So you come indoors," Oliver regarded her approvingly. "I think we may get on very well. I confess I was horribly scared of having to sit down to meals with some poky-backed, genteel creature. Governesses as a race are completely foreign to me."

The next moment Sarah heard the sound of a piano.

"That's my brother, Eliot," Oliver explained. "He composes. He has his piano in the attic as far away as possible, but not quite inaudible."

"He plays beautifully."

"He's quite brilliant," Oliver said, "but there's just something lacking, some driving impulse or the ability to recognise and seize the right opportunity—just that thing that gives one success in this horribly competitive world. You'll understand, perhaps, when you meet him."

Please turn to page 44

Blame your

**SLUGGISH LIVER**

for these unpleasant

**SYMPOTMS**

Indication: heavy tired feeling, indigestion, headaches, a yellow, watery skin—often result when a sluggish liver cuts down the supply of bile to the intestines.

Help correct sluggish liver function with Chamberlain's Tablets. Without half-tiring, harsh action, Chamberlain's Tablets quickly and gently aid in stimulating liver activity, relieve constipation and in clearing the blood. To Chamberlain's tablets prove how much brighter life becomes... how energy flows back and sparkling health is yours again.

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the best age

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The Quickest & Easiest Polish for Floors and Furniture

For dark woods ask for FISHER'S DARK STAIN (WAXTANE)

Page 43

# 'ASPRO' DOES WHAT IT CLAIMS!

Just one striking example—

**EXPENSE NO BAR TO TRYING EVERYTHING, YET HAS USED 'ASPRO' EVER SINCE IT FIRST CAME OUT**

Miss Jean Wark, of 313 Pacific Highway, Charlestown, Newcastle, writes (January 21, 1951):—

"Dear Sirs.—I am sure I can claim to have taken more 'ASPRO' tablets than anyone in Australia. When first stricken down with chronic rheumatic pains I was only in my 'teens, and in the 30-odd years since, I have been a consistent 'ASPRO' taker. Expense has never been a bar to me in trying to find a cure—I could afford everything that was recommended. However, there is apparently no cure for my trouble and so you may depend I have given a good trial to everything in getting relief. I must say, all through the years 'ASPRO' tablets are the one and ONLY thing that truly stops the pain and makes my life worth while. Thousands of others have the same complaint as me, and it would give me a lot of pleasure to know that they have tried 'ASPRO' and got the same relief, that is why I am writing this."

## AND HERE ARE 'ASPRO' CLAIMS—

1. It stops headache in a few minutes.
2. It is a proven and quick relief from colds and flu and reduces feverishness.
3. It relieves nagging rheumatic pains.
4. It stops pain without harm to the heart.
5. It relieves toothache and neuralgia.
6. It makes a splendid gargle for sore throats.
7. It relieves muscular and nerve pains, lumbago and sciatica.
8. It soothes away irritability and removes causes of sleeplessness.
9. It is a wonderful help to women.
10. It is perfectly safe for ALL the family.
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O LIVER added: "Jennie is his child, but he's completely hopeless over business matters. So this sort of thing is left to me. My wife helps, too, but she isn't very strong. She's in bed to-day, as it happens."

"Nothing serious, I hope," Sarah said.

"No, just a chill. But she has them frequently. As a matter of fact, I'd like you to assist a little with social duties, too. We have a lot of people coming in and out when Venetia isn't well; it would be a tremendous help if you could take over. Would that be agreeable to you?"

"Perfectly. I should like it."

"That's grand. You'll find our guests interesting, I think. They're a mixed bag—actors, producers, writers. The main thing is to see they don't start running the house."

"But are you engaging me so quickly?" Sarah asked. "Don't you want any sort of reference?"

"I like your voice. Voices are important. If Jennie learns to speak like you do we shall all be perfectly satisfied. Can you start at once? Is that too much to expect?"

"Actually, I could. I'm staying next door with my aunt."

"Next door! Well, what a coincidence! Is your aunt the little woman who looks like Queen Victoria?"

"She does, a little," Sarah agreed.

"Well that, surely, is all the reference you need. I must make your aunt's acquaintance."

He added, "I should be grateful if you could start at once. Jennie hasn't been strong enough to go to school this year. She's a perfectly normal child mentally, but she's been alone too much and grown a little introspective. I find her morbid, almost. Absurd. But she'll like you. You'll do wonders."

"Why do you think that, Mr. Foster?"

He looked at her with his bright, genial eyes. "Intuition, Miss Stacey. You have a look of well-being. You'll do us all good, I shouldn't wonder. We need brightening up. Will you bring your bags over this afternoon? Mrs. Hopkins will show you your room. Mrs. Hopkins is cook-housekeeper and a

"Is Petunia in the basement, too?" she asked.

"Yes!"

"And the gardener? Does he come by the day?"

"He did. He gave notice last week, which is as well, as he'd got beyond it, poor old man. We haven't got one at present."

"But I saw one in the garden. He wanted to help with my bag."

Mrs. Hopkins looked surprised, then her plump face creased.

"Oh, him," she said tolerantly. "Enough cheek to sink a ship. Now if you'll leave your things, dear, we'll go and find him."

Sarah didn't need to give a yell because, when she came in with her single bag, a thin, tall young man in a faded khaki shirt and blue trousers and with a pair of gardening shears in his hand appeared from round the side of the house.

"Help you with that, miss?" he asked, with a strong Cockney accent.

"It's perfectly all right, thank you," Sarah said. "It's not heavy."

"You the new governess, miss?"

"You the gardener?" Sarah wanted to retort. Instead she said, "I seem to be. It's rather sudden."

"Well, and you'd expect that with this household. Blimey, if they ain't queer. What with this playwright and this composer and now this explorer—"

He gave his shears a sharp click.

"His long thin face was gloomy.

"If you want my advice, miss, I'd say don't come. But I

couldn't expect you to take notice of me."

"No," said Sarah, rather sharply. She realised it wasn't quite the thing to be having an intimate conversation with the gardener at this stage of

her career. It was only that he had such quick, bright eyes. They held her against her will.

He seemed to realise he had been forward, for now he said,

"Better be getting on with the edge. Wish you luck, miss."

"Thank you," Sarah answered, and picking up her bag she went up the steps.

This time the door was opened by a stout woman in a clean white apron.

"Miss Stacey?" she said. "I'm Mrs. Hopkins. Mr. Oliver told me you would be coming, but I knew anyway. I saw it in my teacup."

Mrs. Hopkins made a deprecating movement with her plump little hands.

Mrs. Hopkins led Sarah up two flights of stairs and finally opened the door of a small but attractive bedroom.

"That's yours," she said.

"Jennie's next door and then there's the nursery. I suppose you'll call it a schoolroom now.

Old Mrs. Foster has her room on this floor, too. There'll be just the three of you. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver and Mr. Eliot are on the floor below. And the guest rooms, of course."

She hesitated, then added,

"I'd better mention there's a couple of attic rooms above you where Mr. Eliot does his composing—I hope the piano won't worry you. I'm saying this because he never will. Wrapped up in his work, he is, and thinks everyone else should be. Mr. Oliver is, too, of course, but he's more—well—good-spirited about it. Dear know what would happen to this household if it wasn't for Mr. Oliver."

"And where do you sleep, Mrs. Hopkins?"

"I have a room in the basement. I like to be handy to my kitchen, especially since—"

She stopped suddenly, her little ripe lips pressed together. Sarah waited expectantly.

"Well, you'll see soon enough," Mrs. Hopkins finally vouchsafed.

Sarah felt curiosity stirring again, but she sternly quelled it. This was not the time and Mrs. Hopkins was not the person of whom to ask questions.

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"Yes!"

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## Voice of a Dove

Continued from page 43

was the last thing Sarah had expected.

"You and Miss Stacey will be getting on grand," Mrs. Hopkins went on, as if Jennie were a completely ordinary child. "You'll have to be firm with her, Miss Stacey. She dreams and forgets to come in out of the rain. Just like her father. Well, I'll leave you to get acquainted because I've my work to do. Dinner's at seven. Mr. Oliver says you're to eat with the family."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hopkins. Jennie can tell me anything I want to know."

"She'll tell you, all right. Nothing much going on that she misses." With which remark Mrs. Hopkins left them.

Sarah, wondering how to deal with the inimical stare in front of her, said tentatively, "You must show me your things, Jennie. Have you got any dolls?"

"No."

The uncompromising denial again left Sarah at a loss.

"But I thought most little girls had dolls."

No comment was forthcoming, so Sarah (why should she be ill-at-ease because a precocious eight-year-old was staring at her?) began looking round the room. It was low-ceilinged with a red-brick fireplace and windows facing north.

It would make a very pleasant schoolroom. There were even cupboards, which would be excellent for school paraphernalia, set in one wall. Sarah opened one at random and saw the dolls.

She knelt down to examine them. They had obviously been puppets—someone must have given Jennie a puppet set, probably for a miniature theatre—for they were dressed as men and women, the two men in scarecrowish suits, the two women in crushed and grimy crinolines. Their paint-daubed faces and startling eyelashes were grotesque.

**T**HERE was a fifth one propped in the corner. It was smaller than the others and was wrapped in a piece of white curtain face for a shawl.

"Jennie," said Sarah quietly, "you told me you hadn't any dolls. Why did you say that?"

She expected the child to be truculent, but instead the vivid eyes became expressionless.

"Those aren't dolls," Jennie said.

"Then what are they, dear?"

"They're people. They're my family. And I don't care to talk about them."

"Very well, we won't talk about them just now." Sarah shut the cupboard. Her voice was quite calm, but inwardly she had a peculiar sensation of trembling. Don't get the jitters, she admonished herself, just because this is more realistic than you had expected. The child's talented, that's all. She's theatrical like her Uncle Oliver.

But there was something more to it than being theatrical, Sarah knew instinctively.

Oliver was right, it was extremely uncomfortable having a morbid child in the house. Sarah got to her feet briskly. "Come along," she said. "Help me to unpack and then tell me about where you have your tea and the time you go to bed."

The next hour was quite uneventful. Jennie did as she was told, too obediently, and vouchsafed no information at all.

"This is Miss Stacey, Jennie," Mrs. Hopkins went on. "Hullo, Jennie," Sarah said.

"How do you do?" Jennie replied coldly.

The fierce pride in those dark, intelligent eyes stared at her assessingly. The rest of her face was quite plain—pale cheeks, short nose, gauntish wide mouth.

"This is Miss Stacey, Jennie," Mrs. Hopkins went on.

"Hullo, Jennie," Sarah said.

"How do you do?" Jennie replied coldly.

The fierce pride in those dark, intelligent eyes retracted. This, indeed,

was the last thing Sarah had expected.

Jennie's tea on a tray. Jennie previously used to eat in the kitchen at a corner of the table while Mrs. Hopkins and Petrona prepared the dinner, but from now on she would have her meal properly upstairs.

She made no comment about this change beyond saying, "Mrs. Hopkins saw you in her teacup." And then what was her most natural remark so far, "I didn't have to have a governess if I didn't want one."

"Did you want one?" Sarah asked.

"I didn't care," Jennie said indifferently. "I'm not good at mathematics. Before I was ill last year I used to be bottom of the class. I didn't care."

"I'm not very good at them either," said Sarah. "We'll both have to learn. Drink your milk, Jennie. I'm going to run your bath."

But as she turned to go out of the room a man appeared in the doorway.

"Is that your job?" he asked.

"To run Jennie's bath?"

Sarah knew at once who he was by his eyes, black and with the moody brilliance of Jennie's. His face was long and narrow and seemed to be set crookedly on his shoulders, but this, Sarah realised, was caused by one shoulder being slightly higher than the other. He had the same look of brittle deficiency that Jennie had.

Heavens, thought Sarah, two neurotics in one house! Thank goodness that Oliver at least was cheerful and sane.

"I hardly know yet what constitutes my job," she answered cheerfully. "But I'm perfectly happy to see Jennie get her bath. You're her father, aren't you?"

He nodded. "Oliver told me he'd engaged you. Oliver does impulsive things, as you'll find out."

Did that mean, in that first glimpse, he disapproved of her? Then why didn't he exert himself and take an interest in his daughter's life himself? He had the look of being able to say cutting and sarcastic things like that remark in the service, "Bless this happy home!"

"Do you disagree with your brother, Mr. Foster?" she said.

His black eyes were on her frankly and quite impersonally.

"I thought he shouldn't have chosen so quickly. But this time he may be right, after all. I hope my piano won't worry you. It's just over your head. I often play at nights, quite late. It doesn't worry Jennie. She's used to it."

"I expect I'll get used to it, too," Sarah answered good-naturedly.

"You'll have to, I'm afraid, if you stay here."

He said that, Sarah realised, as if he didn't expect her to say. He under-estimated her determination.

"I must have something," he went on, and now there was almost a suspicion of a twinkle in his voice. He stood a moment lost in thought, his mouth bitter, then he raised himself and went across to Jennie at the table.

"Good-night, my dear," he said, touching her head with his long, thin, brittle hand.

"Good-night, father," Jennie answered, unmoved.

"Has Miss Stacey seen your dolls?"

The brief answer sent Eliot's eyes to Sarah.

"I hope that Jennie will be too busy soon to spend quite so much time with her dolls," he said. "She's getting too big for this constant escapism."

So he didn't like the dolls, either. Was it because among them were represented his dead wife and son? It was cruel and pathetic of Jennie to have done that.

Sarah found her way down to the kitchen and brought up

the





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LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and

PRINCESS NARDA: Are captured by cannibals while in Africa, but Mandrake mystifies them with his hypnotic powers and they escape up

the river. They land and see a giant piano, 50ft. high. Suddenly a little old man appears from a door in the leg of the piano, points a box at them, and they are seized with unbearable pain. NOW READ ON:



UNDER THE GIANT PIANO, MANDRAKE, NARDA, AND LOTHAR WATCH IN PAIN AS THE STRANGE LITTLE MAN POINTS THE MYSTERIOUS BOX AT THEM. "HMM—YOU SEEM HARMLESS ENOUGH," HE SAYS MILDLY—



—THEN TURNS THE BOX AWAY FROM THEM. THE PAIN STOPS INSTANTLY. "OH, THAT WAS AWFUL," GROANS NARDA. "LIKE HAVING AN EARACHE AND TOOTHACHE ALL OVER!"



"LET US BE FRIENDS," SAYS THE LITTLE MAN AS MANDRAKE LOWERS HIM. "WHO ARE YOU?" BEGINS MANDRAKE. WHEN A LARGE LEOPARD SUDDENLY SPRINGS FROM THE BUSHES



TO BE CONTINUED

MRS. FOSTER, the high jewelled comb in her hair nodding, said, "Eat up, girl! I'm having another helping. Here's my plate, Oliver." She passed it up and leaned back in her chair, breathing heavily. "But I wish they'd discovered who the other man was."

Sarah looked at her in surprise. Was she wandering?

"Seen going up to Lexie's flat," she went on, enjoying Sarah's interest. "They never did find him. It was such a mystery."

"Here's your chicken, mother," Oliver said in an authoritative voice.

"She was leading a double life, of course," old Mrs. Foster continued unperturbed. "I suppose all actresses do. This Rachel Massey will be the same."

"Nonsense, mother," Oliver said. "What a suspicious mind you have. Yes, Petunia, what is it?"

The maid Petunia had appeared at the door and was saying that Dr. Forsythe had called to see Mrs. Oliver.

"Good," said Oliver. "Will you excuse me a few minutes, please? I'll just have a word with Lionel before he goes up."

He went out, and the tension, with the breaking of the con-

## Voice of a Dove

*Continued from page 45*

versation, relaxed. Burgess Reid began chatting to Sarah about the Sussex countryside, and Tim and Mrs. Foster started a conversation about the diet of penguins. Oliver returned within a few minutes.

As they rose from the table Oliver said to Sarah, "Venetia wants to meet you. Will you come up now?"

Upstairs Oliver showed her into a large bedroom luxuriously furnished and full of flowers. Venetia lay in a low, wide bed with pale blue brocade hangings and sheets of paler blue satin. She had quantities of very soft, fine, pale gold hair spread on the pillow.

"Hello, darling," Oliver said softly. He went across to kiss her with tenderness. "This is Miss Stacey. I told you I would bring her up. My wife, Miss Stacey."

"How do you do, Mrs. Foster?" Sarah said. "I'm sorry you're ill."

"Oh, I'm much better tonight, thank you. Lionel says—"

"Yes, he told me so," Oliver said. He sat on the bed possessively, holding one of his wife's hands. "That's grand, isn't it? You'll be up and about to-morrow."

"Yes, I expect so. I'm so glad you've come, Miss Stacey. Now Jennie's off my hands. I do the best I can, but she just doesn't respond."

Her mouth drooped petulantly. Now Sarah could catch a glimpse of the spiritlessness old Mrs. Foster so much despised.

"I know you do, darling," Oliver said. "But you had the jealous element to contend with. Jennie remembers her mother too well. And she's dead, poor soul, and you're alive."

He clasped her hand tightly, and Venetia, looking up at him, smiled.

Sarah had a queer feeling suddenly that the room had too much sticky sweetness in it.

"I think Jennie and I will get on very well," she said.

"I'm sure you will," Venetia answered. "You're the type she needs, I can see. Someone to take her out of herself."

"And lessons to keep her mind occupied," Oliver put in. "Eliot agrees."

"Poor Eliot," said Venetia. This time her languid voice had a ring of sincerity. For the first time Sarah felt a faint liking for her. She wondered how the prickly Eliot responded to that sympathy.

"We must go now," said Oliver. "We mustn't tire you."

"Who's downstairs?" Venetia asked.

"Oh, Burgess, Tim, Lionel's staying for a drink. Miss Stacey is going to help out with hosing when you aren't feeling fit. Don't you think that's an excellent arrangement?"

"We must go now," said Oliver. "We mustn't tire you."

"Who's downstairs?" Venetia asked.

"Oh, Burgess, Tim, Lionel's staying for a drink. Miss Stacey is going to help out with hosing when you aren't feeling fit. Don't you think that's an excellent arrangement?"

"Sarah."

"That's nice. And I'd like you to call me Venetia. Don't let's stand on ceremony."

"Grand idea," said Oliver heartily. He was beaming with satisfaction that his plans were approved of. "We've no ceremony in this house, as Miss Stacey has probably discovered already. And now, darling—"

"Just let me show Sarah my robe. It's in the wardrobe, Sarah. I love new things, don't you?"

Sarah opened the wardrobe and took out the heavy champagne-colored silk robe.

"Bring it here," Venetia said. She took it to the bedside, and Venetia ran her hands over the silk, smoothening it.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said. "Don't you love the feel of silk?"

"It's beautiful," Sarah said politely.

"Yes, Oliver bought it for me. He knows I love new things. He spoils me. Don't you, darling?"

"Shockingly," Oliver agreed. He stood up, stretching his big frame. "We mustn't neglect our guests. I'll be up to say good-night. Come along, Sarah."

Sarah was aware, with a sense of pleasure, of his easy adoption of her first name. She felt suddenly happy.

She went downstairs, eager to hear what was going on. The men were in the drawing-room now. The furnishings, in shades of lavender and delphinium-blue, were in perfect taste.

Again a fire burned brightly, and before it stood a neat, dapper man with a small dark moustache to whom Sarah was introduced. It was Dr. Forster. He was drinking whisky.

"Well, what do you think of my patient?" he said. "She's a great deal better to-night. I understand you're going to live here, Miss Stacey. You must

take good care of Venetia. Isn't that so, Oliver?"

Oliver had gone to the piano in the corner, and, spreading his large mobile hands on the keys, began to play. Over the sound of the notes he said, "Yes, indeed, that's so."

He began to sing in a loud, rollicking voice:

"I love sixpence, pretty little sixpence,

"I love sixpence better than my life . . ."

Tim rose from one of the low chairs where he had been in conversation with Burgess Reid and sauntered towards Sarah.

"Did she like it?" he asked.

"Like what?"

"Your face."

"Don't be so asinine," Sarah said stiffly.

"You mean she didn't? But all women are jealous. I like it, anyway. Particularly those clusters of freckles, like Sirius, or the Sign of the Plough."

He went on warmly: "You know, the thing I liked most about coming home was seeing familiar stars again. After the Southern Cross and a steady sky and that uncanny Aurora Borealis that looked so rosy and warm and yet was as cold as the devil. The reflection of the sun going down on ice. That's why I like my familiar stars."

His eyes rested on her cheeks, and she felt the color rising in them. What an impossible and ridiculous person he was.

"I brought fourpence home to my wife . . ." sang Oliver.

"Have you seen over the house?" Tim was asking.

"Not completely."

"Then come out here and I'll show you something to be careful of. If I don't do it no one else will think of it, and we'll have you breaking your neck."

He led her out of the room and across the hall. Through the open door of the dining-room Sarah caught a glimpse of the bulky form of old Mrs. Foster furiously scraping out the trifle dish. There was an avidity and concentration in her actions that was repellent. So that was her secret vice. It might be worth knowing for the future.

On the other hand, how could it be, for however inverted and bitter Eliot might be, and in spite of the tragedy of Mary's death, the basis of this house was happiness, Oliver's and Venetia's.

Tim had opened a door on the right side of the hall towards the kitchen.

"Look here," he said. As she came forward he gripped her round the waist.

"Not too far. That's a steep drop."

Sarah drew back, startled. The open door showed a flight of steps almost vertical, leading to a cellar. Like a lot of old houses in London there was no introduction to the steps. They fell sharply from the threshold, a trap to the unwary.

"You see," said Tim, "you need to be warned. People don't always think, and there can be accidents."

"But everyone living here knows about them," Sarah said nervously.

"They should. Mary apparently didn't."

"Mary?"

"She had a fall down here, they tell me."

Sarah drew in her breath in horror. "When the baby was coming?"

"Two months before it was expected."

Oliver's voice from the drawing-room came low and caressingly:

"I spent nothing, lent nothing, I love nothing better than my wife . . ."

"And so she died," Sarah whispered, and Tim's grim voice said, "They both did."

*To be continued*



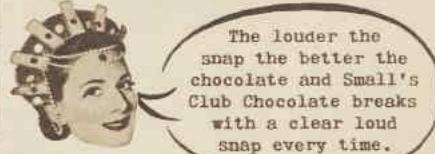
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Page 47

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PV22

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 18, 1952

# How to pick a Dependable Winter Medicine



## NYAL HONEY COUGH ELIXIR

Gives effective relief from coughs and colds in infants and children. Contains Sassafras, Squill, Eucalyptus in a pleasant tasting honey base. Soothes the throat; eases coughing; cuts phlegm; makes breath easier. 4oz. bottle. 3/-.



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Choosing a dependable winter medicine becomes a very simple matter indeed—if you remember one thing—look for the name of the manufacturer. When a medicine bears the name of a trusted maker like **NYAL**, you can be sure that the product you are buying is the best that long pharmaceutical experience, pure ingredients and modern manufacturing methods can produce.

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## NYAL BRONCHITIS MIXTURE

Acts in three ways in "breaking" stubborn coughs and colds. Soothes the inflamed membranes of throat and chest—clears away congestion and makes breathing easier—brings soothing relief from irritating coughing. 3/9, 6/3.



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## NYAL CHILDREN'S COUGH MIXTURE

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